SR's Annual Survey of Reference Books and Atlases

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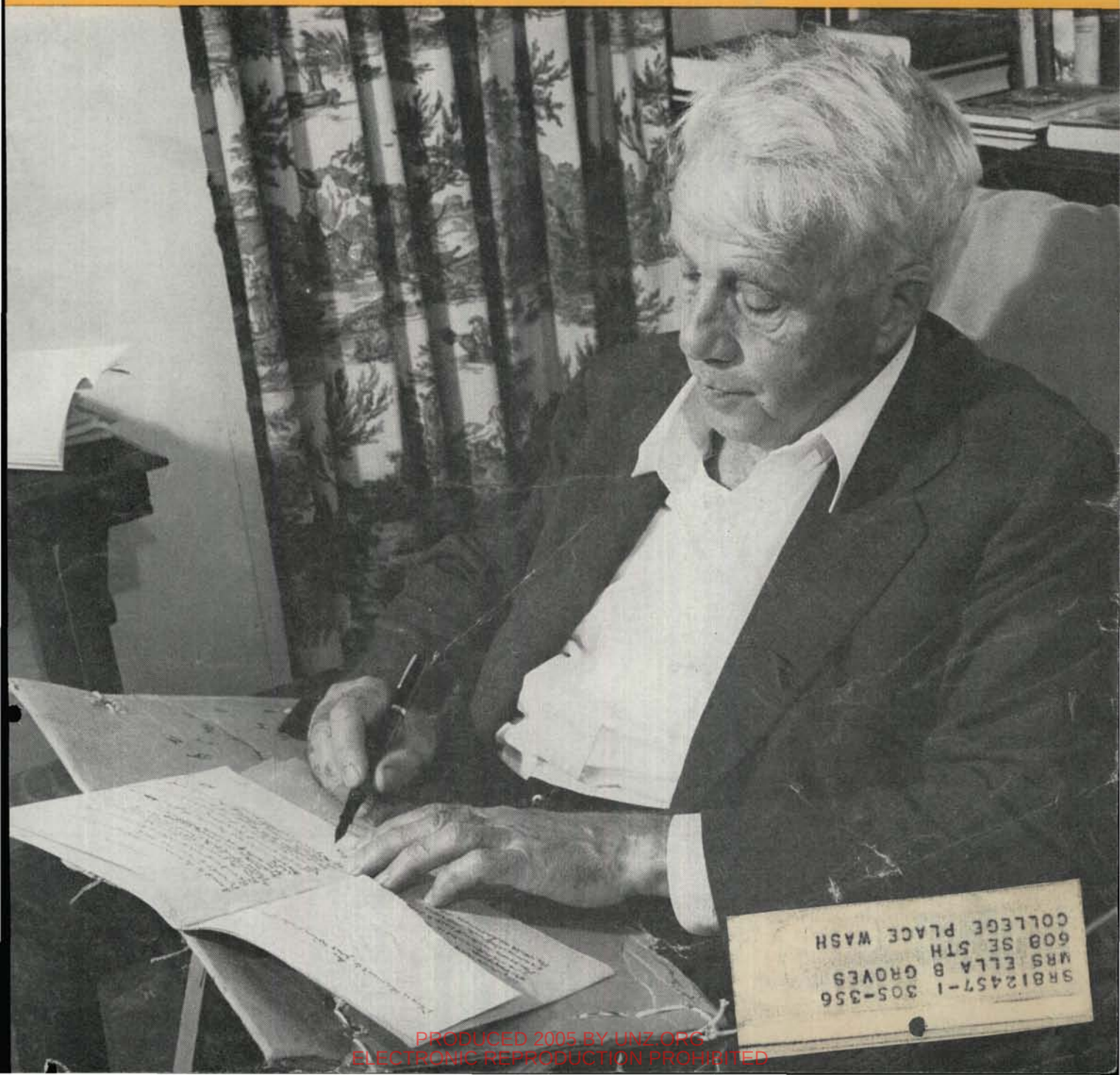
Saturday Review

MARCH 24, 1962 / 25¢

ROBERT FROST: AMERICAN BARD

By John Ciardi



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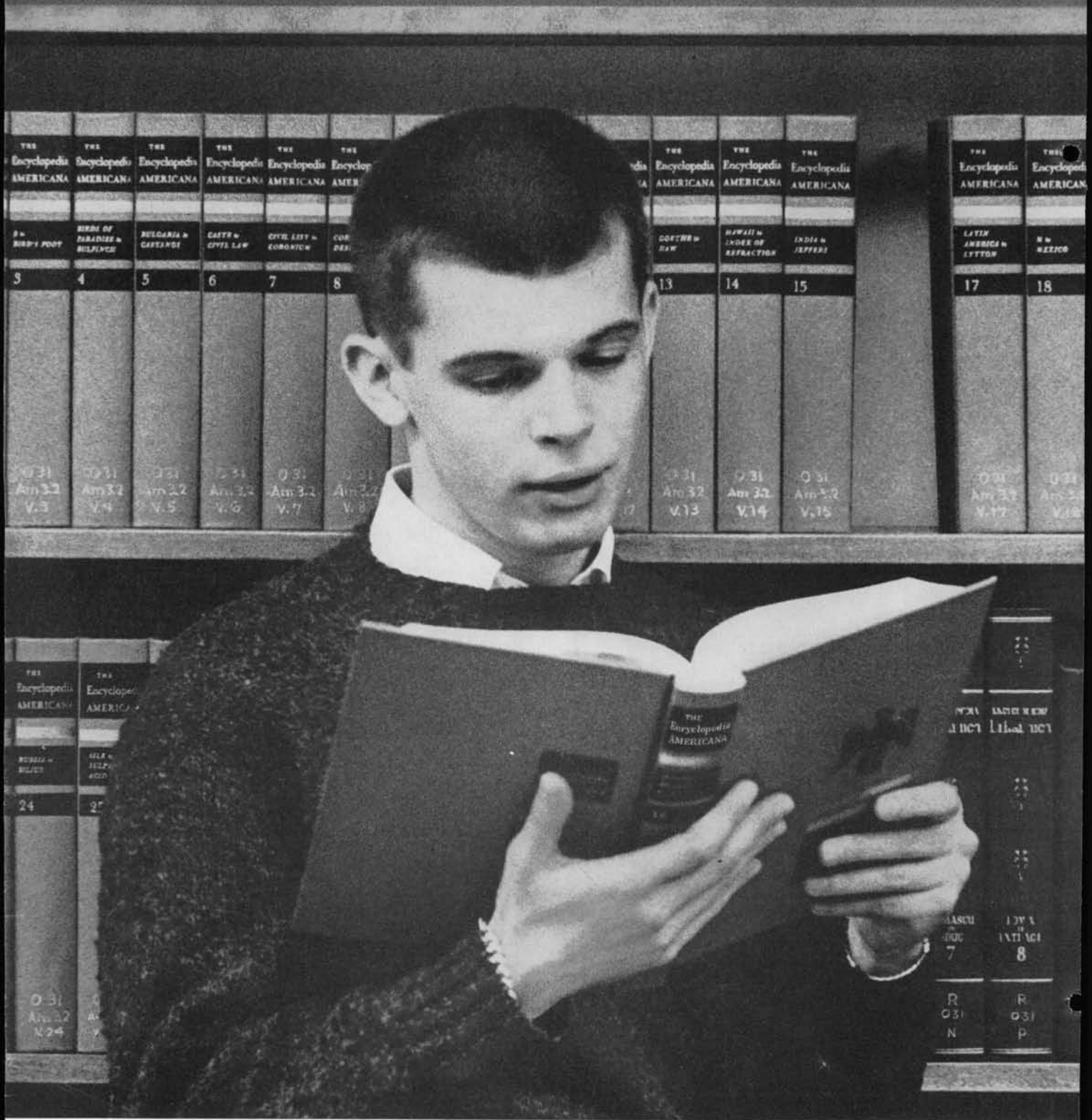
Years before he goes to work, ask yourself
HOW GOOD ARE HIS REFERENCES?



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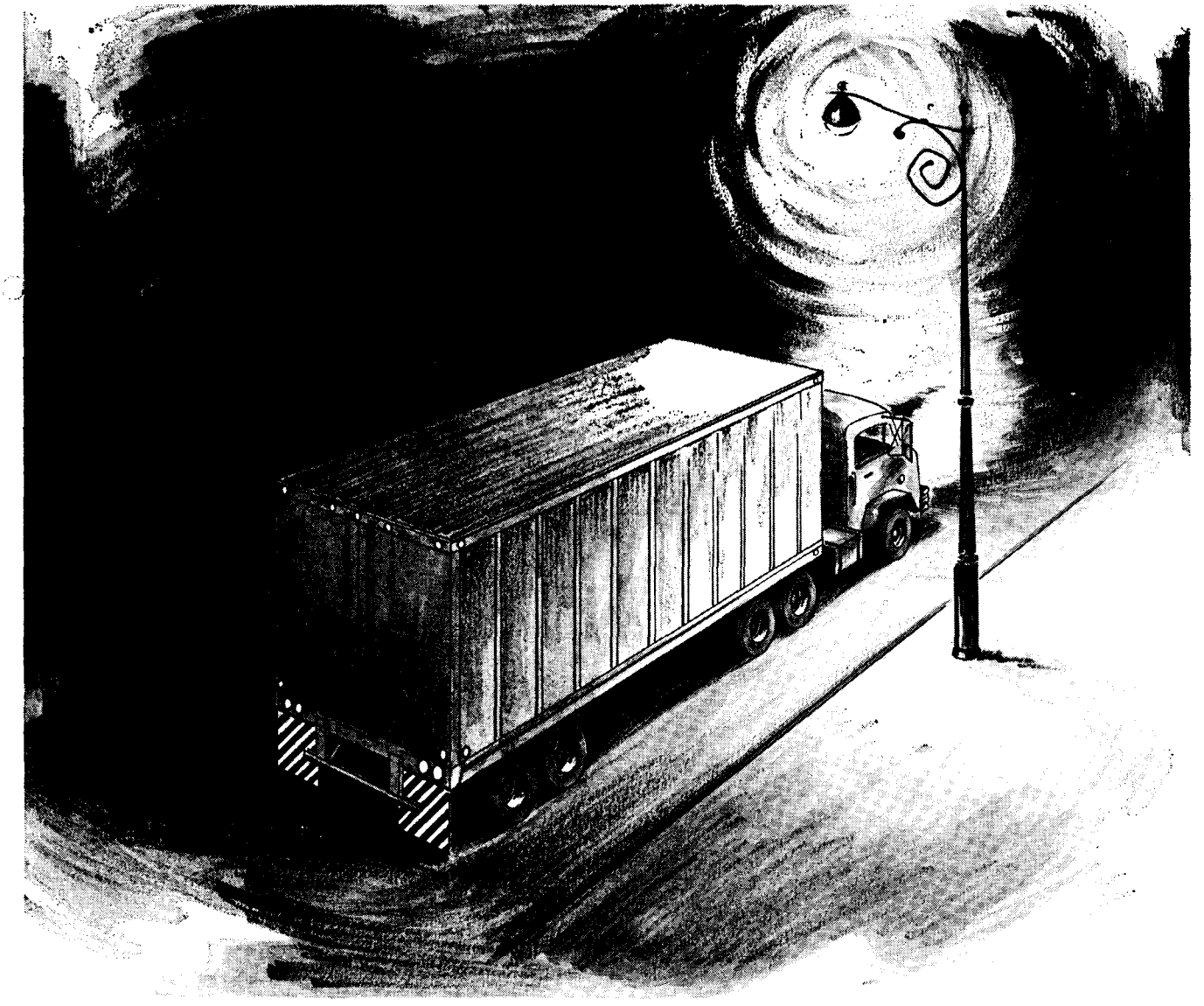
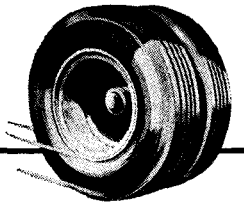


RENDEZVOUS WITH AN EARLY BIRD

This truck-trailer with its load of groceries has a rendezvous with the first customer of the day at each of several food stores somewhere in the U.S.A. . . . Because it and thousands like it are on the job delivering merchandise while most of America sleeps, housewives and others who want to shop early find shelves well-stocked at their favorite market. And because truck transport is flexible—traveling the highways *and* byways—even the smallest community today is kept well-supplied with both the necessities and luxuries of life 24 hours a day. . . . Next time you see a truck-trailer moving through the night, remember—chances are it's carrying something someone will be needing first thing in the morning.



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I've sometimes found that heated discussions, when pursued too long, have a tendency to get away from reality. Each person involved becomes so preoccupied with pushing his own theory that positions become extreme to the point of ridiculousness.

When applied to one current controversy the same remarks hold true, except that the extremes are no longer ridiculous, but very close to tragic. The argument, as you may have guessed, is the one involving this nation's defense policy.

A great many learned men have harangued at length, arriving finally at the point where few of them seem to be talking about the world we live in, but rather about some imaginary existence in which the fallen pieces can be set up again when the game is ended.

As a potential fallen chessman, I rather resent this approach. Should you feel as I do, there is at last a champion for us—a defense analyst who is concerned with the real world. His name is Arthur Waskow, and he's written a book called "The Limits of Defense." It's not lengthy, nor need it be: Mr. Waskow devotes a brief, cogent chapter to each of the current theories of defense, demolishing them one by one.

This done, he propounds a new possibility. It's something that, so far as I know, has not been suggested before. Some idea of its nature can be gathered from its name: Disarmament-Plus. But I warn you: Mr. Waskow's plan will take you aback. Even if you don't agree with it, I think you'll find "The Limits of Defense" an invaluable stimulator of useful thought.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Limits of Defense" ($2.95), by Arthur I. Waskow, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies are available from your local bookseller, or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 744 White Plains Road, Scarsdale, New York.

Saturday Review

MARCH 24, 1962

Cover photograph: Jacob Lofman, Pix

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The SATURDAY REVIEW published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, Ray Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $7 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol XLV, No. 12, March 24, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature"

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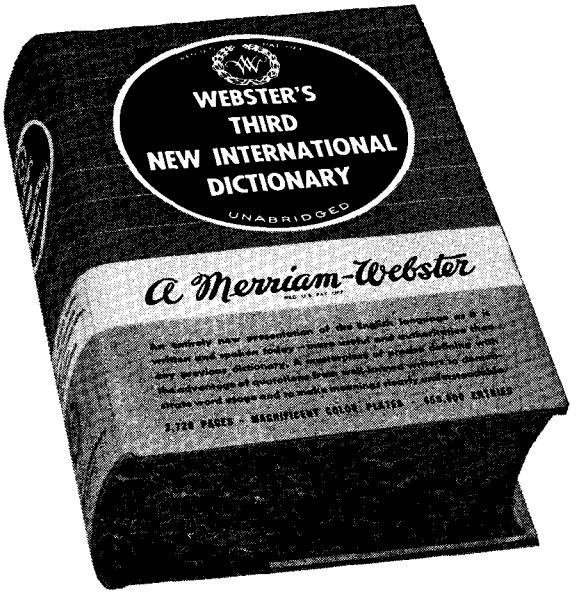

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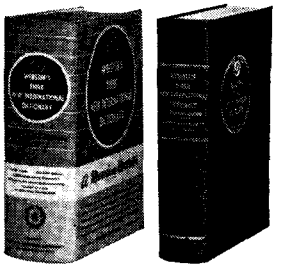

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ARE THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OBSOLETE?

In the April issue of Redbook Magazine three outstanding theologians and three distinguished laymen explore with wisdom and compassion the present-day application of the basic moral principles that are accepted by Protestants, Catholics and Jews alike.

The religious leaders are Father John LaFarge, Dr. Liston Pope and Rabbi Judah Goldin; the laymen, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Dr. Leo Szilard and Dr. George N. Shuster.

The result is a thought-provoking report on how the Ten Commandments apply to our current moral dilemmas ranging from marital fidelity and child rearing to Communism and dishonest TV quiz programs.

A 6,500-MILE WALK FOR WORLD PEACE

In the same issue Redbook tells the remarkable story of two dozen American men and women who walked from San Francisco to Moscow in order to dramatize their desire for peace. How they were greeted with both violence and enthusiasm—in various parts of the United States, in France, in Germany, in Poland and in the U.S.S.R. — is a vital story for everyone deeply concerned with the problems of building public support for efforts toward lasting world peace.

Be sure to read the April issue of

REDBOOK

on sale at all newsstands now

Edited by Martin Levin

BALLADE DES DAMES DU TEMPS JADIS
(After Villon)

Where are they gone, the arch-eyed harlot,
The linen-swimmer, the lightly wedded?
Where is Amber? Where is Scarlett?
And gold Milady the Gascons dreaded?
And Gretchen, wretched, by cherubs besteaded?
Quickly gone, who were brilliantly here
Like winking motes where the hay lies tedded.
Where are the snows that fell last year?

Cry, sailor! cry, tailor! cry, duke and varlet!
That the measures you trod, that the hens you treaded,
That Charleston and hornpipe, that Sadie and Charlotte,
That the silk and the rose of the dream are shredded.
For where are the lips so brightly redded,
The breasts pink-budded, the arms sincere,
The backs much haymowed and well bedsteaded?
Where are the snows that fell last year?

Still, Circe's daughters from near and far let
Us grunt our hour: Dark, insolent-headed
Justine laughs low in a nightmare starlit;
And Constance wails as the bodkin, threaded
With Bedlam-vine, in her flesh is bedded.
Will they endure, whose charms we hear
Fabled and chronicled, epic'd and edda'd?
Where are the snows that fell last year?

L'Envoi

Reader, though set in twelve-point leaded,
Like mortal beauties they disappear.
Pure as the driven or soiled as the sledded—
Where are the snows that fell last year?

—DONALD BARR.

• • •

THOUGHTS ABOUT ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Hemingway

I HAD the luck to know Ernest while he was still a kid reporter—before he had molded the literary personality that became so famous. It seems hard to believe, now, but he brought me a little sheaf of his experimental writings, asking if I thought they showed signs of promise. It was in Genoa during the Conference of the Great Powers in the spring of 1922. We both stayed at the Hotel de Gênes and we played around together quite a little, our play including an unannounced visit to Max Beerbohm in his villa at Rapallo.

I remember Ernest as young and strong, with princely manners, and a beautiful set of pearly teeth. For me he had an essentially boyish charm, and he has kept that even in his most bull-fighting and blood-lusty writings. While reading, I don't have to think of him as entirely grown up, and perhaps that is just as well. He has immortalized the attitudes and emotions of a heroic adolescence. Perhaps his very extreme and almost Byronlike fame in these times is partly due to that. They are times in which there's small pleasure in grown-up meditation on what life is and where it's going.

He first won my affection by telling me he was "scared to death," as I'm sure I would have been, in the war. He didn't tell me about his shrapnel wounds, and I never knew till long after that he spent weeks in a hospital in such a state of fright that he could not go to sleep in the dark. That he built himself up from that neurotic condition to a point where veterans

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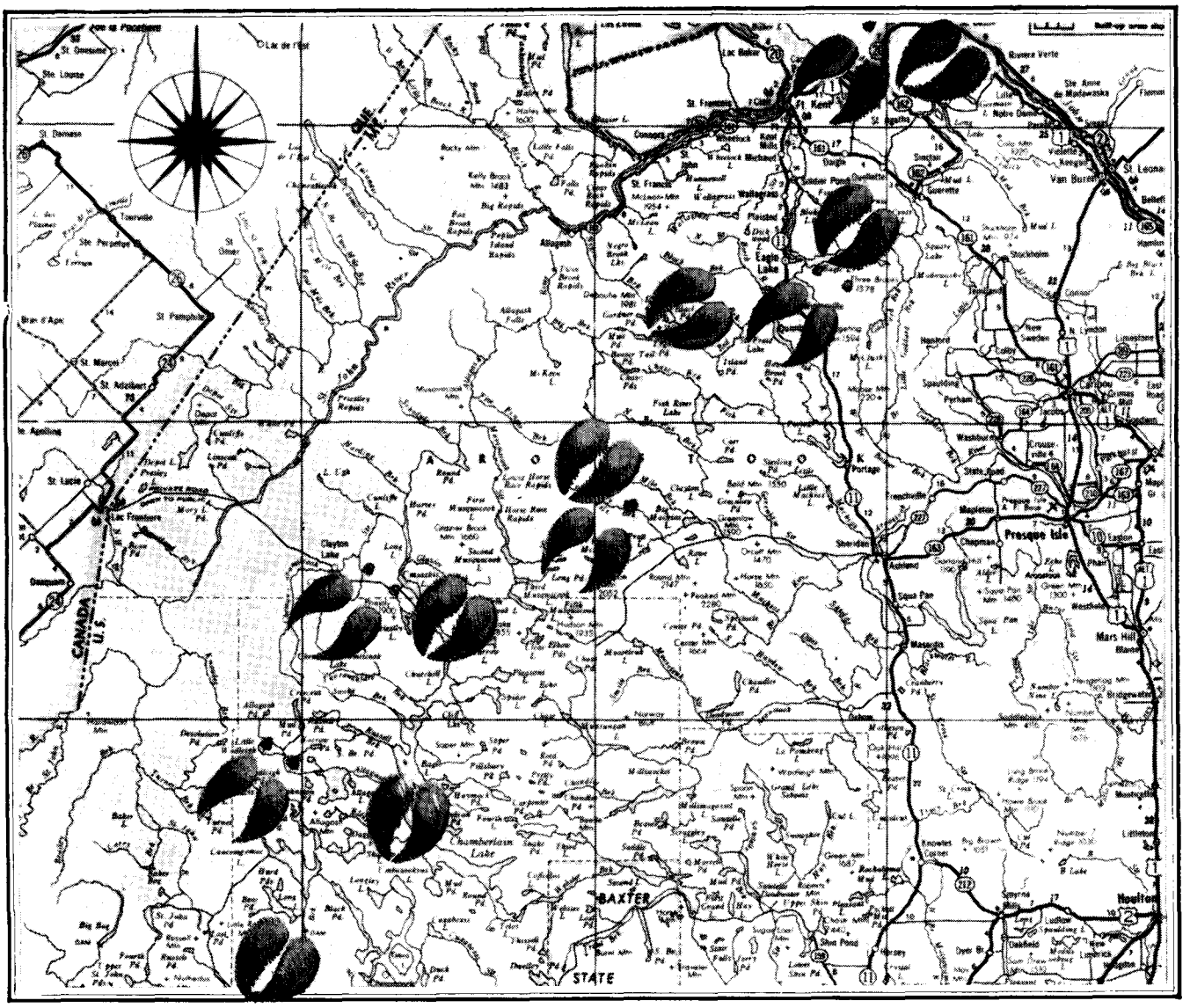

America's first trail-blazer

The next time you see a road sign that reads "Deer Crossing," consider the fact that your route may be following a trail blazed by deer ages before it was paved for automobiles.

The deer had instincts to guide them, but man's sense of direction is less reliable. As soon as he makes a road, he had best also make a map.

Just over a century ago, when Mr. Rand and Mr. McNally set up shop, much of America was an uncharted wilderness. Maps were urgently needed to guide the way in the opening of the West, and Rand McNally was there to supply them.

We have continued ever since to provide America (and the world) with maps, atlases and globes. In addition, we now publish our own textbooks, children's books, and adult non-fiction . . . produce books of every description for other publishers . . . and supply a large volume of specialized printing, such as tickets and timetables for the transportation industry.

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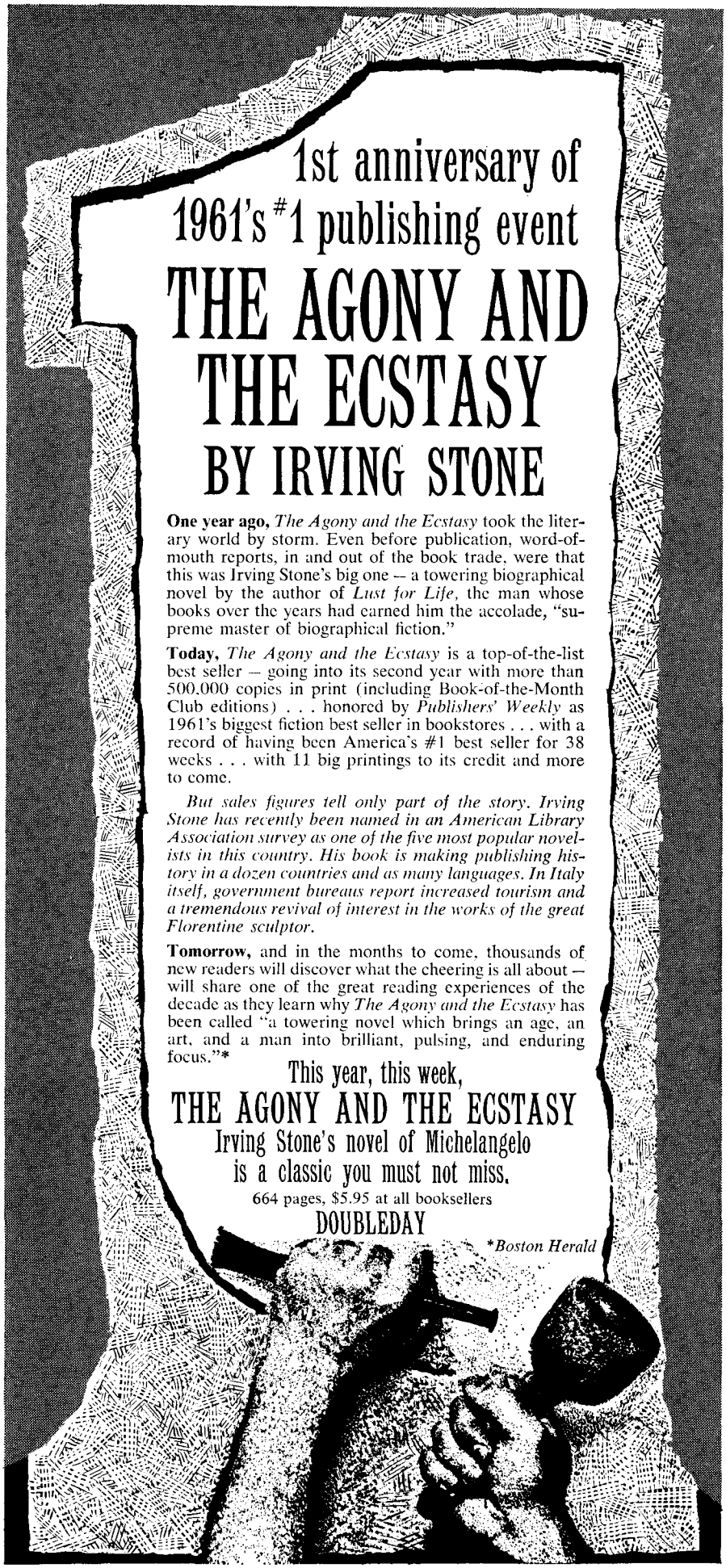
1st anniversary of
1961's #1 publishing event
THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY
BY IRVING STONE
One year ago, The Agony and the Ecstasy took the literary world by storm. Even before publication, word-of-mouth reports, in and out of the book trade, were that this was Irving Stone's big one -- a towering biographical novel by the author of Lust for Life, the man whose books over the years had earned him the accolade, "supreme master of biographical fiction."
Today, The Agony and the Ecstasy is a top-of-the-list best seller -- going into its second year with more than 500,000 copies in print (including Book-of-the-Month Club editions) . . . honored by Publishers' Weekly as 1961's biggest fiction best seller in bookstores . . . with a record of having been America's #1 best seller for 38 weeks . . . with 11 big printings to its credit and more to come.
But sales figures tell only part of the story. Irving Stone has recently been named in an American Library Association survey as one of the five most popular novelists in this country. His book is making publishing history in a dozen countries and as many languages. In Italy itself, government bureaus report increased tourism and a tremendous revival of interest in the works of the great Florentine sculptor.
Tomorrow, and in the months to come, thousands of new readers will discover what the cheering is all about -- will share one of the great reading experiences of the decade as they learn why The Agony and the Ecstasy has been called "a towering novel which brings an age, an art, and a man into brilliant, pulsing, and enduring focus."*
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THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY
Irving Stone's novel of Michelangelo
is a classic you must not miss.
664 pages, $5.95 at all booksellers
DOUBLEDAY
*Boston Herald

and professional soldiers of World War II declared him to be "quite simply the bravest man they ever saw" strikes me as a manifestation of moral character as superb as anything to be found in the life histories of literary men. Ernest lived the life he believed in—he lived up to the code he preached. That also certainly stands among the causes of his Byronlike celebrity. His fame will not endure in a degree comparable to Byron's—there is not enough intellect involved. But like Byron, he proved himself in action. He was not just a voice in the air.

Of course I think he concentrated a little too exclusively on one particular phase of character-building. In order to be brave he felt he had to turn himself into something of a bruiser. He had to go around being exaggeratedly masculine and kind of spoiling for a fight. I ventured to express this opinion in a review of his book "Death in the Afternoon," in praise of bull-fighting—in praise of killing, to be exact. I thought his way of talking about bulls and matadors was, in a reverse sense, sentimental, and I called my essay "Bull in the Afternoon." I made another remark in that essay which has been many times quoted, and usually misquoted. Even in the full-page scholarly obituary which the New York *Times* allotted to Hemingway, I find this raw and impossible remark attributed to me: "Come out from behind that false hair on your chest, Ernest, we all know you!"

What I wrote is about as far as you can get from that without changing the subject. Here are my words exactly:

"This trait of Hemingway's character has been strong enough to form the nucleus of a new flavor in English literature, and it has moreover begotten a veritable school of fiction writers—a literary style, you might say, of wearing false hair on the chest."

I think the difference is very great, but its effect on Ernest was as extreme as the raw taunt would have been. It resulted in a tussle, or fracas, in Max Perkins's editorial office at Scribner's which was alluded to in almost all of the obituary notices published when Ernest died. "Both sides," said the *Herald Tribune*, "claimed victory" in what it called a "fist fight." There wasn't any fist fight: I would have kissed the carpet inside of forty seconds in a fist fight with Ernest Hemingway. But it is true that we gave flatly and flagrantly opposite accounts of what happened. I gave my account to the evening papers, and Ernest gave his the next morning to the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*.

In a television interview, Mike Wal-

(*Continued on page* 54)

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IF THE ZAPATO FITS, WEAR IT...

The miracle has come to pass. In the scene above, you are actually seeing someone with a difficult language problem who *didn't* come to Berlitz. But hold, gentle reader, do not jump to the conclusion that Berlitz didn't come to the rescue. For though our friend in need didn't come to us, as most people do—in a manner of speaking *we came to him* and swiftly found solutions to two of his problems.

The gentleman diner above, who is frantically thumbing through his miniature English-Spanish, Spanish-English dictionary, is a shoe salesman on business in Mexico. He has just bitten into the hottest chili pepper in Latin America and would sell his soul for a glass of water. In exactly 30 seconds he is going to shout in a voice colored by desperation rather than by bad manners, "Why can't the natives here speak English so they can understand us!" The gentleman seated at the next table, as luck would have it, just happens to be the Director of our Mexico City Berlitz School. (Through such coincidences worlds have been conquered—and advertisements written.) He will instantly offer a glass of water, solving Problem 1. Problem 2 will take a bit more doing. But in the end he will convince our over-peppered diner that the Berlitz School in Boston will not only teach him to speak Spanish but will design his course to include the special vocabulary of lasts, uppers, welts—and even show him how to land orders for an 8½ "Carlos" or a 10 "Benito".

Thanks to a chili pepper and a chance meeting, the first thing that our purveyor of footwear did when he returned to Boston was go to Berlitz for a tailormade course of instruction. He later told us that his ability to sell shoes in Spanish resulted in a 400% sales increase. And that's not the only happy ending. He now loves Mexico so much that he spends his vacations there.

The foregoing is a true story. It illustrates how speaking the other fellow's language can really pay off. This is true whether you're a shoe salesman on a business trip or a tourist out on the town. At Berlitz you can learn to speak any language quickly and easily and Berlitz private instruction makes it possible for you to arrange a schedule to suit your convenience. In our schools, in homes, in offices, in the Venezuelan jungles, in the oil fields of Indonesia, Berlitz instructors have taught 10½ million people to speak over 50 different languages. Governments, military organizations and major companies send key men to Berlitz to prepare them for assignments abroad. Many forward looking companies send wives as well, because they've discovered that men stay on the job longer when their wives are also equipped to speak the local language. Across the country or around the globe your local Berlitz Director can tailor a program of Berlitz instruction to your specific needs.

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From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec

Pronunciation Guide to French Wines

Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais *Bow Joe Lay*
Chablis *Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem *Chateau Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape *Chateau Neff du Pap*
Chambertin *Sham bear tan*
Graves *Grahv*
Haut Sauternes *Oh So tairn*
Macon *Mah kon*
Montrachet *Mawn Ray Shay*
Pommard *Poe mahr*
Pouilly Fuisse *Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc *Prance Blahn*
Prince D'Argent *Prance Dar John*
Prince Noir *Prance Nwahr*
Prince Rouge *Prance Rouge*
Sauternes *So tairn*
St. Emilion *Sant Ay Mee Lee on*
St. Julien *San Jeu lee en*

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TRADE Winds

A SCHOOLGIRL in Stow, Ohio, was complaining to the librarian about her Latin assignments. To encourage her, the librarian said that she had taken four years of Latin in high school and two in college.

"Gosh!" exclaimed the student in awe. "I'll bet you could even read 'Winnie-the-Pooh' in the original."

IN WATERFORD, Connecticut, at least one youngster has been humming and singing a familiar tune from the Broadway show he knows as "Mayfair Lady." The song: "I've Thrown a Custard to Her Face."

PUBLISHING HOUSES have received *mimeographed letters from Boston,* offering for consideration an "outstanding treatise" on handicapping the horse races. Written for the author by a lawyer, the letter offers the most amazing proof of the manuscript's value. It states:

"To dispel any skepticism on the part of any prospective publisher as to the astounding results claimed, my client would be willing to submit to a month's test and daily advise such publisher, at least a half hour before post time, his choices for all selected races."

I hope some editor has written back and asked to see the book and to make the test. Publishers are gamblers at heart, anyway, betting on horses being a sure-fire thing compared to betting on manuscripts. Furthermore, the picture is delightful to contemplate of the publishing house suspending activities at the crucial time each day, waiting for the incoming hot tips, and then jamming the switchboard with hurried calls to—if you'll pardon me—their bookies.

FOR THE FIRST TIME since they've been writing novels, Babs and Borden Deal will have two books coming out at one time. Her "Night Story" (McKay) has just been published, and in a few weeks Scribner's will bring out his "The Spangled Road."

The Deals live in University, Alabama, have three children, have been married ten years. They work in a small office with a huge desk made out of a door. Each sits at one end, facing the other, and they sit there and write novels. Separate novels, that don't have anything to do with each other. It sounds impossible, but they do it.

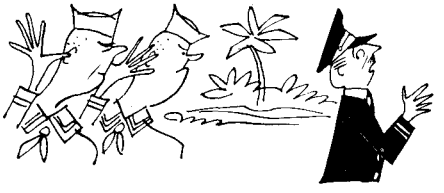
"Our principal hazard is conversation," Borden tells me. "We have a distinct tendency to drink coffee and talk instead of working."

Babs, according to her husband, has always had a deep affinity for the night side. "Night Story" is about the taxi drivers, café owners, doctors, nurses, and wanderers who live and work after dark. "The Spangled Road," however, is a circus novel. Borden worked as an elephant man years ago when he was a youngster, and he recently did a tour with Clyde Beatty-Cole Brothers Circus to revive his sense impressions before he started the book.

And that's how the Deals operate: raise three kids, run around at night, join the circus, write novels, sit at a big desk . . .

A MOST DISTRESSING occurrence in one of Her Majesty's colonies, Bermuda! The police and customs officers have new uniforms. The police are acceptably dressed in similar fashion to London's bobbies, with the familiar helmet. The customs force, however, wears uniforms embarrassingly close to those of officers of the Royal Navy.

From a distance of more than ten feet, the cap badge looks like a naval badge. The jacket, with eight gilded buttons, and the insignia of rank on the cuffs, even to the little gold curlicue, make the customs officers indistinguishable from the Royal Navy officers. People who care are up in arms.



"Whoever is responsible," writes one former Navy man, "has shown very poor taste."

The seriousness of the situation may be illustrated by a recent event when two sailors from HMS *Troubridge,* strolling along Front Street in Hamilton, briskly saluted a man from the customs office. When he got near enough for them to note their mistake, they thumbed their noses at him.

SHARPS AND FLATS: My impression of the four Tiros weather-eye satellites now circling the earth is that they send back word of the terrible weather we've just had.

►In the February *Reader's Digest*

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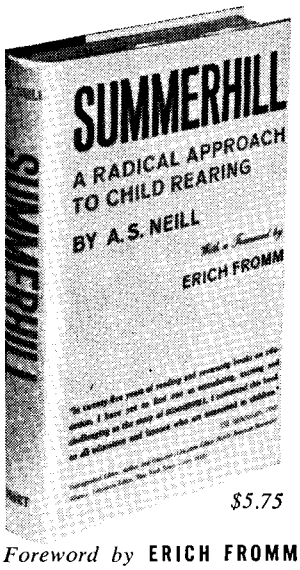

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Foreword by **ERICH FROMM**

THE UNIQUE book described on this page may alter your entire life and affect forever the happiness of yourself and your children. When you read SUMMERHILL: *A Radical Approach to Child Rearing*, you may get the shock of your life — for this meaningful book will challenge your most cherished beliefs about how to bring up a child!

Here is the fascinating story of Summerhill, a school in England which has been in operation for forty years—perhaps the most revolutionary school in the world — *a school where children don't even attend classes unless they want to!* Yet this school produces youngsters whose academic achievement is high, and whose emotional stability is unparalleled!

A. S. Neill, Summerhill's headmaster, bluntly declares that most parents make a mess of the job of raising children. What's more, he says, our accepted ways of discipline — our traditional ideas about respect — our taken-for-granted notions about how to teach morals — are positively evil. As a result, we often produce children who are a trial to their parents, a trial to their teachers and even a trial to themselves—and who in later life throng the offices of psychiatrists.

Every parent knows the child who whines, who resentfully breaks things, who nags, who becomes painfully bored, and who has overpowering spells of unhappiness. As a parent, you are often at a loss to know whether you're too easy with your child or too hard. In despair, you wonder what is wrong with the way you handle him. Perhaps you seek counsel; but despite the talk, despite the worry, you seldom find the answer which yields an effective change.

A better way . . .

Is there a better way to rear and educate children? Yes, says Mr. Neill, the way it's done at Summerhill! Here is a school which turns out genuinely contented and productive youngsters. These boys and girls do *not* make the impossible demands on their parents that other children do. Brought up in an atmosphere of love and approval — without adult pressure — Summerhill's *self*-disciplined children grow up to be a joy to their parents and a lasting joy to themselves.

Don't misunderstand. Neill does not advocate that we permit our children to run all over us. He is positively wrathful against parents who permit children to rule the roost, to wantonly interrupt adult conversation, to stalk into the living room and turn on the television set regardless of whether that annoys others present. He doesn't believe that we should coddle our children so that they dominate their parents and others around them.

He is, however, a firm believer in freedom for the child — *freedom without license* — and makes no bones about the unconscious tyranny of parents, which most of us are woefully unaware of.

Summerhill's meaning for you . . .

This book may well make you angry, but it will also make you *think*. It will smash many of your established beliefs about child rearing, but it will replace them with positive, constructive ideas. SUMMERHILL will demand of you a searching re-examination of your role as parent, but it will reward you with new insights.

Above all, this penetrating book will help you forge enduring bonds of love between you and your child. Respect will follow — *real* respect — not veneer respect — not the obedience which comes from fear. SUMMERHILL will help you eliminate those harrowing parent-child conflicts, with all the heartaches they cause. And this great book will help you make your home a happy, serene place for raising children who will, one day, be truly free and mature adults.

Not in many years has any book won such enthusiastic acclaim from educators and professionals.

***Here is what some leading educators and authors say about* SUMMERHILL:**

BENJAMIN FINE *(Education Editor, North Amer. Newspaper Alliance; formerly Education Editor, The New York Times; Pulitzer Prize-winning author)*

"In 25 years of reading and reviewing books on education, I have yet to find one as stimulating, exciting and challenging as the story of SUMMERHILL. Every one of its pages is filled with delightful warmth and encouragement."

ASHLEY MONTAGU *(Anthropologist and Social Biologist; author and educator)*

"Anyone who is in any way concerned with the education of children should make this book required reading."

STUART CHASE *(Author of numerous books and articles on economic and social affairs)*

"The book will, I think, stir up an argument in any intelligent family interested in education, and I hope it is widely read."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES *(Pastor Emeritus, Community Church of N.Y.; Chairman of the Board, American Civil Liberties Union)*

"His is a great experiment, and I believe in experiments."

DWIGHT MACDONALD *(Staff Editor for The New Yorker Magazine)*

"One reads it with the irritation, excitement, and finally sympathy, that any original idea always provokes. The trouble is that one can't help thinking that Mr. Neill is right."

HENRY MILLER *(Author of "Tropic of Cancer," "The Cosmological Eye," and numerous other books)*

"I know of no educator in the Western world who can compare with A. S. Neill. It seems to me that he stands alone. SUMMERHILL is a tiny ray of light in a world of darkness. Its aim is to create happy, contented people, not cultural misfits dedicated to war, insanity and canned knowledge."

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A. S. NEILL, *headmaster of Summerhill, speaks on parents, children, and the education of both. Here are a few passages from the text of* SUMMERHILL:

"If your child lies, either he is afraid of you or he is copying you. Lying parents will have lying children. If you want the truth from him, do not lie to him."

"A cynical or a spiteful parental tongue can do untold damage to a child. We all know fathers who sneer at their sons. *Butterfingers, you can't do a thing without bungling it.* Such men likewise show their hatred of their wives by constant criticism. And there are wives who rule husbands and children through brow-beating and streams of abuse."

"Girls who were spanked by their mothers grow into spankers themselves. An excellent illustration is the game in which children play school. Teacher whacks all the time."

"The future of Summerhill itself may be of little import. But the future of the Summerhill idea is of the greatest importance to humanity. New generations must be given the chance to grow in freedom. The bestowal of freedom is the bestowal of love. And only love can save the world."

The publishers of SUMMERHILL *are so sure that this book will enrich your life and help your child that they are willing to send it to you for 10 days' free reading. If you don't agree that this is the most challenging, fascinating and helpful book you have read in years, simply return it and owe nothing.*

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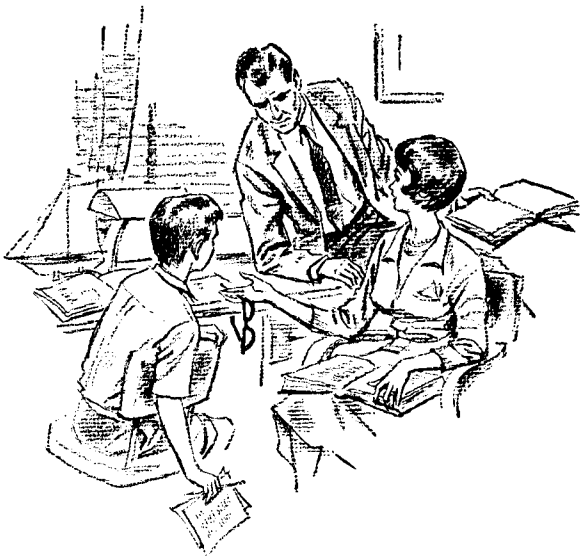

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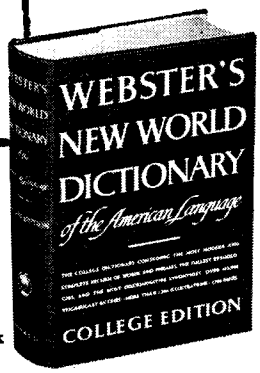

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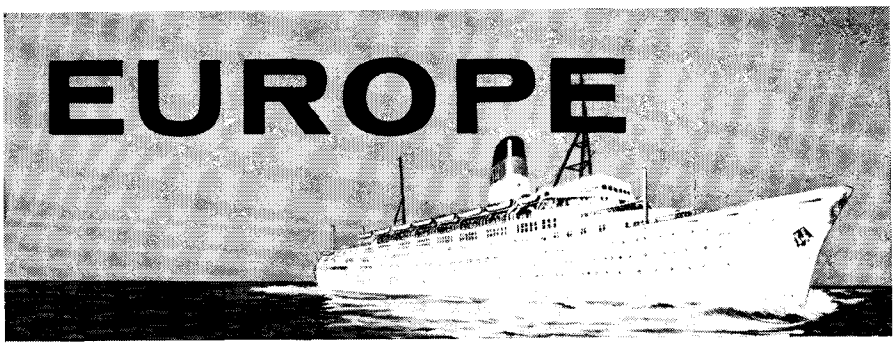

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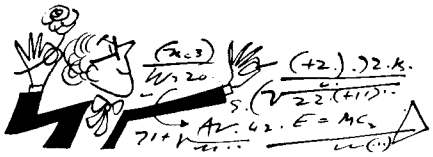
aircraft-instrument manufacturer William P. Lear, Sr., reveals six ways for you to become a millionaire as he has. The first one is "Learn to Communicate." His story, however, is by-lined "as told to Charles Sopkin."

►Dr. Fritz Bamberger was on a plane with a number of passengers who, judging from their conversation, were mathematics professors going to



a professional meeting. He saw one of them pass to another a book on advanced math. It was open to pages filled entirely with forbidding equations and formulas. The second man read these and handed the book back, saying, "He certainly writes with a flair, doesn't he?"

►All right. Whoever told me that Charles James Fox had two aunts born 123 years apart is asked to explain it.

►Alfred H. Myers was watching WTOP-TV on February 12 when the announcement came of a special Lincoln Day program. To provide time for the show, it was said, "The Invisible Man will not be seen tonight."

►March 21 is National Teen-Agers Day. Purpose: To foster better relations between the teen-ager and adult. Sponsor: National Teen-Agers Day Committee, 8582 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46. My suggestion is to stop calling them teen-agers; they hate that.

►Ideal Toy has invented a Diners' Club Game. "You can afford anything!" says the blurb. "Enjoy the fun of living on credit!" Sure enough, you can send for the game and charge it to your card. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1459)

B. J. CHUTE:
THE MOON AND THE THORN

"Can't blame a man for leavin' his wife," he said quite cheerfully. "Left mine many a time, only she never knew it. Man in a boat, there's lots of places he can put in at and a lot of reasons he can be away for just a bit. Any harm in that?"

"Probably," said Henrietta, dryly.

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SINATRA SINGS AGAIN THE SONGS OF THE DORSEY DAYS I'm Getting Sentimental Over You • Imagination • There Are Such Things • East Of The Sun (And West Of The Moon) • Daybreak • Without A Song • I'll Be Seeing You • Take Me • It's Always You • Polka Dots And Moonbeams • It Started All Over Again • The One I Love Belongs To Somebody Else • *Arranged and Conducted by Sy Oliver*

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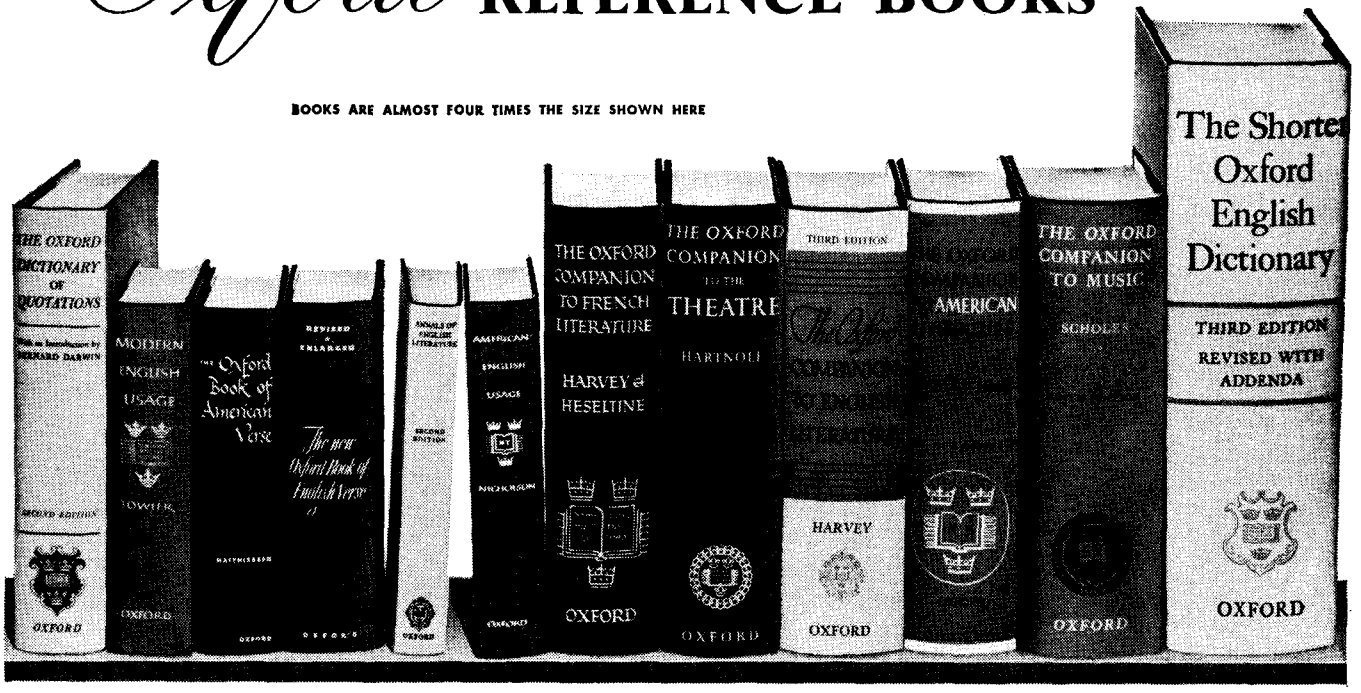

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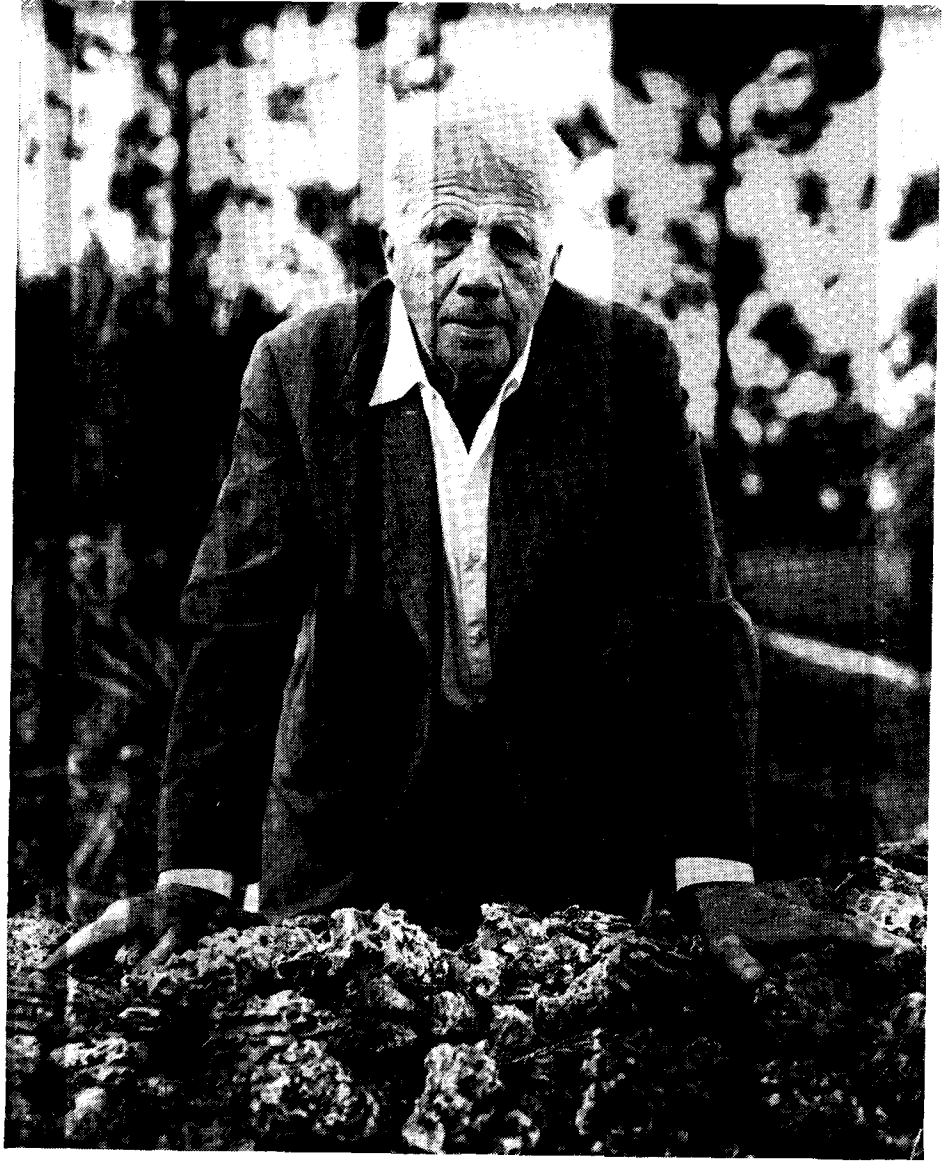

—*Larry Fried, Pix*

ROBERT FROST: AMERICAN BARD

By JOHN CIARDI

ON MARCH 26 Robert Frost will be eighty-eight years old. His birthday will be doubly marked this year. It will be publication day for his first new book in fifteen years, "In the Clearing." And it will be the occasion for a banquet to be given in Washington, the invitations for which have been jointly issued by Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Udall and by Mr. Frost's publishers, Holt, Rinehart and Winston. Unless he is prevented by affairs of state, President Kennedy is expected to lead the list of distinguished guests.

For many years now, Mr. Frost's birthdays have been almost national observances. But though each new birthday has brought fresh honors, it is probably the eighty-fifth that will remain most memorable to literary historians.

For that occasion, at a banquet given at the Waldorf by Mr. Frost's publishers, Lionel Trilling read a paper in homage to Mr. Frost and thereby set off a hot if meaningless controversy, while at the same time illustrating an attitude of our more sophisticated critics that, though it passed without comment, remains far more ponderable than the bone that was worried in print during the following weeks.

Trilling saluted Mr. Frost as "a poet of terror." All angry voices to the contrary, I could find nothing wrong with Trilling's choice of words. That he meant nothing but praise is obvious. In fact he compared Mr. Frost to Sophocles in this sense. What man could fail to feel honored at being so paired? On this point I find Trilling's assessment both just and central to the Frostian genius.

Let the School System make a whited saint of Mr. Frost if it must; and as, alas, it will. The man himself remains an *hombre*. If he is half radiance he is also half brimstone, and praise be. His best poems will endure precisely because they are terrible—and holy. All primal fire is terrible and holy. Mr. Frost could climb to heaven and hear

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the angels call him brother—*frater*, they would probably say—but he could as well climb Vesuvius and equally hear every rumble under his feet call out to him. The darkness in his poems is as profound as the light in them is long. They are terrible because they are from life at a depth into which we cannot look unshaken. What else is the power of such poems as—to name only a few—"To Earthward," "Reluctance," "Home Burial," "Death of the Hired Man," and "Fire and Ice"?

IT was some such homage, I am sure, that Trilling meant to pay, and to worry the word "terror" as if it contained a slur is nonsense. What reader will not prefer the terror of Frost to the sweetness of many of his contemporaries?

What appalled me that night at the Waldorf was Trilling's confession that it had only been within the preceding few years that he had grown aware of the depth and power of Mr. Frost's poetry. And then, as if to toss the whole tribute into the abyss, Trilling added something to the effect that he had been unable to grasp the poems until he came to them through a reading of D. H. Lawrence!

What I think I heard Trilling describe was a failure sufficiently common to the New or Academic Critics to serve as a reproach to all of them. There stood Professor Trilling, one of our leading men of letters, a master of literary subtlety and complexity, paying homage to America's foremost poet by confessing years of professional neglect, and then capping the insult by suggesting that the key to Mr. Frost's poetry lay in D. H. Lawrence, a writer I am bound to believe Mr. Frost would incline to think of as half madman and half charlatan (a guess, let me add, that certainly does not bind Mr. Frost, and that is not at all my personal assessment of Lawrence).

What is there to conclude except that our best critics have suffered too long from a fear of simplicity, and that, misled by the surface simplicity of Mr. Frost's poems, they have dismissed them as being simple—all the way down? It is a rueful irony that brought together America's first truly national poet and a representative of America's first truly-formed school of literary criticism, only to show that it took the critic something like thirty years to recognize the real thing when it happened.

By now the New Criticism has pretty much adjusted to Mr. Frost, at least to the earlier Frost. As I mean to discuss in a minute, I find two main stages of the earlier Frost: the poet of passion and the poet of wit and whimsy. The adjustment of the New Critics, as nearly as I have been able to sense it, has been to praise the poet of passion and to dismiss the poet of wit. I wonder what the New Critical verdict will be on this new Frost. For it is a new Frost one finds in these poems; a Frost not unprecedented in his own past, but a new Frost all the same. What Mr. Frost called "editorials" in "Steeplebush" (published in 1947) were already long on the way toward his new way of writing—or perhaps one should say, rather, toward his new way of taking himself. And the fact that most of these new poems have long been familiar to close followers of Mr. Frost, through his readings and Christmas cards, does take the full burst of surprise from them. Yet put together as they are now in a new book, the poems make bold the announcement that this Frost is impressively different from the more familiar one of the public image.

TRYING to parse anything as complex as Robert Frost into categories is a bit like trying to put spirit into a box, but granting the inadequacies of all such boxes, let one be called, as noted, passion, and the other, wit and whimsy. It was basically as a poet of impassioned light-and-dark that Mr. Frost made his appearance on the scene and many of his first reviewers were moved to speak of a background sense of terror that haunts his New England landscape. This Frost burns with the appetites of life. The essence of tragic characters is that they ask of life more than ordinary men are moved to ask. They are terrifying and exalting because they are seared by passion:

> I craved strong sweets but those
> Seemed strong when I was young;
> The petal of the rose
> It was that stung.
>
> Now no joy but lacks salt
> That is not dashed with pain
> And weariness and fault;
> I crave the stain
>
> Of tears, the aftermark
> Of almost too much love,
> The sweet of bitter bark
> And burning clove.
>
> When stiff and sore and scarred
> I take away my hand
> From leaning on it hard
> In grass and sand,
>
> The hurt is not enough:
> I long for weight and strength
> To feel the earth as rough
> To all my length.

Call it terror in the Sophoclean sense, or call it the impassioned life force, this is lyricism at a kindling point of the soul. This poet is not only the lover but the demon lover.

His passion, moreover, was always toward the privacy of the self, toward the rescue of the self from the world's demands. So in "Love and a Question," one of his earliest published poems, he dramatizes the world's intrusion upon the privacy of love, choosing for his symbol of the world's demand a needy wanderer who seeks shelter in the bridal house. At this point of his development, the poet frames the question without answering it. The poem ends:

> The bridegroom thought it little to give
> A dole of bread, a purse,
> A heartfelt prayer for the poor of God,
> Or for the rich a curse;
> But whether or not a man was asked
> To mar the love of two
> By harboring woe in the bridal house,
> The bridegroom wished he knew.

The same impassioned sense of two-against-the-world cries out in "Not to Keep." And the converse of that theme may be found in "Two Look at Two," a poem in which the lovers, in joy, recognize the exaltation of what is their most private ground.

THAT theme is everywhere in the early Frost. In "Two Tramps in Mud Time" the question is given a new and terrifying setting, this time to be firmly answered. The speaker of the poem, a farmer, fiercely in love with the muscle and sweat of his labor of chopping wood, feels the world's demand in the presence of two lumberjack tramps who want to take his work from him for pay, because they need the pay:

> The time when most I loved my task
> These two must make me love it more
> By coming with what they had to ask.

And this time the demand is rejected:

> Nothing on either side was said.
> They knew they had but to stay their stay
> And all their logic would fill my head:
> As that I had no right to play
> With what was another man's work for gain.
> My right might be love but theirs was need.
> And where the two exist in twain
> Theirs was the better right—agreed.
>
> But yield who will to their separation,
> My object in living is to unite
> My avocation and my vocation
> As my two eyes make one in sight.
> Only where love and need are one
> And the work is play for mortal stakes,
> Is the deed ever really done
> For Heaven and the future's sakes.

By whatever force of the rational mind this poet frames his reasons, the life force in him cries out "Keep off my acre!"

Perhaps with a touch of whimsy but,

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if so, with the anger unabated, that cry rings out again in "The Egg and the Machine." There the poet meets the intrusion of a locomotive upon his private haunts by digging up a clutch of turtle eggs. Armed with them as his grenades, he issues his challenge:

'You'd better not disturb me anymore,'
He told the distance, 'I am armed for war.
The next machine that has the power to pass
Will get this plasm in its goggle glass.'

That dark, impassioned, and reclusive Frost has not entirely disappeared from these new poems. Whether "A Draft Horse," for example, is entirely a new poem or one newly brought out of older workbooks, it moves as darkly and yet as resiliently as any of Frost's early ventures into shadow. Here it is entire, a poem of terror enough for any darkness:

With a lantern that wouldn't burn
In too frail a buggy we drove
Behind too heavy a horse
Through a pitch-dark limitless grove.

And a man came out of the trees
And took our horse by the head
And reaching back to his ribs
Deliberately stabbed him dead.

The ponderous beast went down
With a crack of a broken shaft.
And the night drew through the trees
In one long invidious draft.

The most unquestioning pair
That ever accepted fate
And the least disposed to ascribe
Any more than we had to to hate,

We assumed that the man himself
Or someone he had to obey
Wanted us to get down
And walk the rest of the way.

With "A Draft Horse" may be grouped "Ends," "A Peril of Hope," and "Questioning Faces" (the last of which first appeared in *SR*) as poems more nearly in Mr. Frost's first voice, the voice of impassioned love, of dark and of radiance, and above all of a fierce commitment to the private acre of the individual—the essential ground that must be protected from the world's intrusion.

If I am right in taking whimsy to be the second voice in Mr. Frost's developing range, I do not mean to imply that there were not touches of whimsy in the poems from the beginning. There is a happily whimsical touch in "The Pasture," the first poem in the first book ("A Boy's Will"). And more than a touch in as early and as deeply felt a poem as "Mending Wall." There the speaker, thinking to draw out his neighbor says:

Spring is the mischief in me and I wonder
If I could put a notion in his head.

and later:

I could say 'Elves' to him
But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
He said it for himself.

The difference between Frost as the poet of passion and Frost as the poet of wit is one of degree and the mixture of the two tones in many of the poems may require a considerable adjustment of one's standard "poetic" expectations. As Mr. Frost himself notes in a typical touch of whimsy:

It takes all sorts of in and outdoor schooling
To get adjusted to my kind of fooling.

Nevertheless the difference is real. The poet of passion is a singing man and deeply committed. The poet of whimsy is a speaking man and coolly detached, concerned, yes, but evasive, his eye forever on the relation of the individual and society, but warily. "A Drumlin Woodchuck," for example, once more explores the theme of the individual's self-rescue from society, but with a world's difference in the tone. For this poem the poet takes on the

(*Continued on page* 52)

Robert Frost on his farm in Vermont—above, with his daughter and grandchildren; below, visiting his pet calves.

—Lofman, Pix

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TO CRACK THE EAST-WEST CLICHÉ

By LENORE MARSHALL, *novelist and poet. Her most recent novel is "The Hill Is Level."*

THERE were incongruous moments of tranquility and tension, sunlight streaming across a quiet campus in the traditional way that suggests sheltered contemplation, through tall Deanery windows, upon the U-shaped table, and twenty of us leaning forward, faced by three translators, discussing the possible end of the world or the future of the world: would there be a future? How assure it?

At a recent six-day conference at Bryn Mawr College a group of women from the Soviet Union and the United States met for the purpose of talking about the problems that separate our two countries, problems of the arms race, disarmament, peaceful coexistence, and the means of diminishing those factors that may lead to war. We were all professional women representing various fields; our Soviet guests held eminent positions, several of them in their government. The link between us was our sense of necessity to seek out ways that might reduce the crisis that threatens civilization. There have been other conferences devoted to the same endeavor, notably the Pugwash and Dartmouth meetings of scientists and social scientists, but we, I believe, were the first such conference of women.

It is a cliché to state that people as individuals are different from their governments. Clichés contain both truth and falsity. The truth of which we must remind ourselves beyond verbalism is that groups, even nations, are composed of individuals. This is a truth that novelists know. The novelist may shed light on abstract universal themes through his concrete characters and, if the novelist is any good, general situations may be illuminated by the specifics of one life; but in the case of international politics on which, in these times of the totality of war, all our lives depend, we still apply ready labels to whole countries and systems, generalizations which sometimes foster myth rather than reality.

At the start of the conference, there was tactical tact and that barrier which may be raised by particular attention to politeness; nonetheless after the first day of acquaintance we become individuals and our warmth was not politically courteous but personally spontaneous. We liked each other; even more, I believe, we developed mutual respect. Many subjects were on the all-day-into-night agenda: nuclear testing, Germany, China, the U.N., trade, cultural exchange, the techniques of peace-keeping, etc. Other subjects such as our children, our work, our habits of living crept in between the lines or comprised dinner-table talk. But the hours and minutes were too short for any straying from our central concern; each of us was aware that not only war but the preparations for it endanger the survival of mankind, and that citizens as well as their leaders must take all possible measures to prevent this.

ON occasion there was divergence, always in a friendly spirit, between the views of the two groups and among the American women; the Soviet women remained closer to the stated positions of their government. It was noted, however, that once after a Russian delegate had given a point of view another rose to say, "I disagree with my colleague" and presented an opposite opinion.

We were not there to "sell" each other. We explored and explained and debated and to some extent learned through exchange of ideas and this was made possible by good will. Threat and counter-threat in international dealings were condemned as a strategy that could only increase tensions. The Soviet participants displayed a strong commitment to an ideal; among the Americans there was a sense that the step-by-step processes of history would bring about changes in both systems that might open new opportunities for settlements. We shared a common image of the future. What got between people and this attainable image? Fear. Fear, chiefly, of being attacked, and thus each side in the Cold War, in the name of defense, prepared its competitive arsenal, although who pulled the trigger first, and whether by accident or intent, in the mounting escalator of possibilities which General Omar Bradley has called "this atomic house of cards," might be academic in the ensuing world-wide cataclysm. Fear was what it boiled down to in this age of modern weaponry. Yet could not fear be turned into a bond for joint action rather than a division, since both sides rightly feel it? Could not recognition of our common danger serve to draw us together in a common cause? And could not research be initiated and machinery set up for this purpose? For what would the opposite be by next year or the next five years —or next month? How high can a house of cards grow?

As women we felt a special unity. We were knit by a feminine consciousness. The training of our professions gave us various angles: law, medicine, economics, anthropology, administration, chemistry, journalism, education, literature. Those of us with children and grandchildren spoke of them;

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they were never far from our thoughts. We did not hide our emotion about our children.

One of our guests said: "You fear for your children's future. We too, for ours—only our children have a past as well. Many of our children were killed in the war. Many died of starvation." I learned as never before about the siege of Leningrad.

They mentioned their war dead. Twenty million. I had at times read this figure, and larger; twenty million. To hear it spoken was a new and shocking experience. I learned *how much* the Russian people fear that country which twice invaded them within a half century. I learned *how much* they fear a rearmed nuclear-armed Germany.

It was mentioned, and was news to most of the American women, that last summer thousands of letters had gone from Soviet women to Mr. Khrushchev against the resumption of nuclear tests.

Presumably our visitors also learned facts about us. They must have learned actualities about our free society, our right to dissent, our federal and states' rights, our prized commitment to make democracy work, and they must have learned something about our anxieties. Without doubt everyone in that room learned things about the others that she had not realized before, underscoring a lack of sufficient objective information. But what did we accomplish?

Why was our first reaction one of affirmation, exhilaration, hope? Because it became evident that the pas-

(*Continued on page* 32)

A BOOK REVIEW by Harvey J. Bresler in the March 10 issue contained an inaccurate statement concerning Mr. Ralph J. Cordiner, Chairman of the Board of General Electric Company, to the effect that Mr. Cordiner was personally implicated in the electrical antitrust cases. Both the editors of the *Saturday Review* and Mr. Bresler regret this error, and extend their apologies to Mr. Cordiner for its appearance. Indeed, the Justice Department specifically stated in open court that: "The Government has not charged and does not claim that any member of the General Electric Board of Directors, including Mr. Ralph J. Cordiner and Mr. Robert Paxton, had knowledge of the conspiracies pleaded in the indictments, nor does the Government claim that any of these men personally authorized or ordered commission of any of the acts charged in any of the indictments."

LITERARY HORIZONS

One Man's Anguish

By GRANVILLE HICKS

PETER DE VRIES is a novelist who has often made me laugh and, it now turns out, can make me cry, and yet he is one for whom I have only limited respect. In theme and tone **"The Blood of the Lamb"** (Little, Brown, $4) is greatly different from anything he has written before, but I am afraid that its faults seem familiar.

When I read "The Tunnel of Love," I felt that De Vries was one of our genuinely comic writers. He was a sound observer, it seemed to me, of the absurdities of suburban life, with a sharp eye for absurdities that are not peculiar to any given place or time. The behavior of men and women in love was his special target, and his aim was good. To be sure, he relied heavily on puns and wisecracks, but even these were fresh and entertaining.

"Comfort Me with Apples," however, raised doubts, for there was even greater dependence on gags, and the gags were sometimes rather tedious. "The Mackerel Plaza" was even more disappointing, for it began as a promising satire of so-called liberal religion, only to end in the by now familiar pattern of doggedly comic situations and labored wisecracks. As for "The Tents of Wickedness," with its parodies of a variety of writers, it is, apart from the parodies, which are often brilliant, more of same.

There is not one of these novels at which I have not laughed often and heartily; after all, a good gag is a good gag, and De Vries's gags can be first-rate. Moreover, I like the gusto with which he pounces upon our foibles and follies. But I cannot go further than that. Kingsley Amis once called De Vries "the funniest serious writer to be found either side of the Atlantic." W. M. Frohock, in "Strangers to This Ground" (*SR*, Dec. 9, 1961), expresses great admiration for him as a significant commentator on the American scene. Seriousness and significance are what I cannot find. Take "The Mackerel Plaza," for instance, since in that he seems to be aiming higher than usual: the spiritual problems of Andrew Mackerel, which one can believe to be real enough, are neither clearly defined nor persuasively dealt with; instead we are given an ingenious, if not wholly convincing, solution of his marital difficulties.

"The Blood of the Lamb," as I have said, is a different sort of book, a completely sober examination of one man's spiritual problems. The novel is written in the form of an autobiography, the story of Don Wanderhope, son of an emigrant from Holland. The father is a doubter in a rigidly Fundamentalist community in Chicago, and Don's own doubts are confirmed by the death of his admired older brother. After that the story follows a familiar pattern: Don's relations with his parents, his education, his girls. There is an interlude in a tuberculosis sanitarium in Denver, and after his return Don is married.

In what seems to be practically no time Don is doing very well in a New York City advertising agency, and he and his wife and child are living in Westchester. After the death of the wife, Don becomes more and more

wrapped up in Carol, his young daughter, who is beautiful and charming and intelligent. Then she is stricken with leukemia, and that is what the novel is really about.

At this point it becomes clear that the first two-thirds of the book are almost purely irrelevant. We do need to know, of course, that Don became an unbeliever at an early age, but that is a point that could easily have been established. For the rest, this is just a rather perfunctory account of boyhood and young manhood. Little that we are told about Don has a perceptible bearing on his behavior when tragedy descends upon him.

The account of what happens after Carol is stricken is detailed, credible, and, of course, moving. One would have to have a heart made of some new and improved plastic not to be affected by the child's courage and the

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THE AUTHOR: "If I spent my time portraying life as it actually is, I think I would go insane with boredom inside of two weeks," Peter De Vries told us in 1956, when his "Comfort Me with Apples" was published. As he saw it, his function as a novelist was to amuse the reader as much as he could. "I would," he admitted, "like to write a good comic novel—something that is successful on the level of a novel but is humorous. But to go the whole way and be funny is enough of an assignment to give yourself without hoping it will be successful on a novel plane." Did he then find life dull? "No, not at all. I think it is exciting in the old stable ways: the sky is blue, and a woman is beautiful, and children are funny and disreputable and charming. I suppose," he said, "it is the difference between life as it is lived and life as it is observed. It is the question of reality passed through a filter."

Prior to the current novel, none of his books has been more than episodically autobiographical, although De Vries has done some short pieces about his Dutch Calvinist background, amusingly described in the beginning of "The Blood of the Lamb." Born fifty-two years ago in Chicago of immigrant parents—Joost and Henrietta (née) Eldersveld were their names—, he was reared in a harshly circumscribed community. "We had nothing to do with anybody else. We were not allowed to go to movies. Card-playing was out. We eschewed all forms of worldliness. In adolescence this was revolting to me," said De Vries, "but now, of course, I would like to hear my old Dutch language services again and the Dutch congregation sing the old Dutch songs. It would also tear my heart out to hear them, you know."

This ambivalence about his origins has masked itself in satires, which deflate the urbanity of his adult life as a means of keeping a stake in the provincialism of his boyhood.

A member of *The New Yorker*'s editorial staff since 1944, De Vries reported that it was his habit to write rapidly, "then spend a lot of time boiling down until I reach the stage of what I think the poets call 'eyebrow combing.'" Short stories have helped to subsidize him while working on a novel. "The writer's problem," he said, "is how to make a living with four or five children." In 1956 the De Vrieses had four: Jan, Peter, Emily, and Derek; and they lived, as now, in Westport, Connecticut. Today there are only three. Not long ago, Emily—like the little girl Carol in "The Blood of the Lamb"—died of leukemia. —ROCHELLE GIRSON.

—Henry A. Hagel.

Peter De Vries and daughter Emily in 1956.

father's agony. De Vries writes knowingly of the attempts of medical science to retard the progress of the disease, and feelingly of the alternations of hope and despair. He describes the clinic to which Carol is periodically taken, with effective portraits of parents of other children similarly afflicted. The powers of observation he has so often used for comic effect are here applied to a somber task, which he performs with dignity as well as skill.

Beyond all this, however, De Vries is concerned with Wanderhope's struggle to come to terms with his tragedy. At the clinic Don meets a parent named Stein, who has given way to unqualified bitterness. "What baffles me," he says, "is the comfort people find in the idea that somebody dealt this mess. Blind and meaningless chance seeems to me so much more congenial—at least less horrible. Prove to me that there is a God and I will really begin to despair." Don, on the other hand, longs for the consolation of faith, and the battle between belief and doubt goes on constantly within him.

When the problem is finally resolved, it is in terms that seem to me intellectually respectable, but the resolution is reached by a series of contrivances that, in retrospect, I find myself quite unable to accept. Adroit craftsman that he is, De Vries has carefully prepared the way for each crucial event, but the effect of his planning is to underline the artificiality of the plot. I have a sense that he is relying, as he has so often relied in the comic novels, on gimmicks. As one reads, the gimmicks may work, but they will not bear much thinking about. And as soon as one begins to have doubts about the way the end has been reached, one can no longer take satisfaction in the conclusion that has been arrived at.

When a doctor whom Don has met accidentally and to whom he has talked about the case says, "God bless you both," Don asks, "You believe in Him?" The doctor replies, "And in man, which is a hell of a lot harder. Still there are times when we can, for which one is glad." De Vries tries to show us that Don does achieve belief in man, and, perhaps, by way of that, belief in more.

The question of belief in man urgently concerns many of our most serious novelists, and some of them have arrived at persuasive affirmations. De Vries, forsaking comedy, has sought to be of this company, and there is no gainsaying his earnestness and the strength of his involvement in his problem, but he has been betrayed by what I can only describe as bad literary habits. As in the comic novels, there is much material in this book that is not strictly relevant, and, what is worse, there is the same weakness for contrivance. What is for some few pages a truly moving novel is vitiated in the end by mere trickiness.

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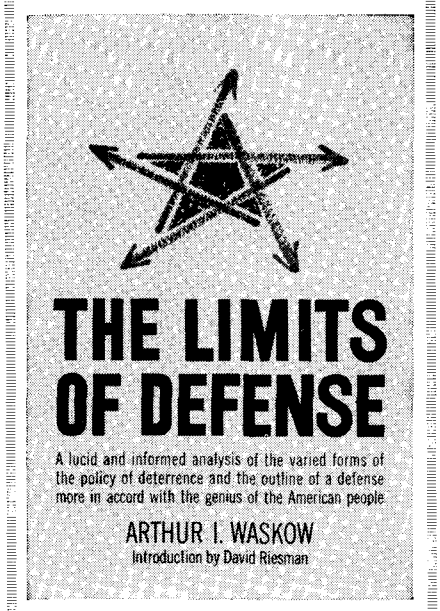
Book in the News


THE LIMITS OF DEFENSE
A lucid and informed analysis of the varied forms of the policy of deterrence and the outline of a defense more in accord with the genius of the American people
ARTHUR I. WASKOW
Introduction by David Riesman

By FRANK ALTSCHUL, *chairman, Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

ACCORDING to the legend, when Pandora's box was opened human ills of every nature spread over the earth, with only Hope remaining. Something like this seems to have happened when the explosion over Hiroshima of the first atomic bomb ushered in the thermonuclear age. And that the Hope remaining is fragile indeed is the depressing conclusion that must inevitably be drawn from a reading of "**The Limits of Defense**" (Doubleday, $2.95).

As a prelude to his exposition, Arthur I. Waskow makes the point that "until 1945 American military policy was built on the assumption that at least an adequate defense and probably eventual victory could be attained if the [United States] had to go to war." But this assumption has lost much, if not all, of its validity in the atomic age. The impact of the incredibly destructive weapons that have since been developed has driven many of those responsible for critical decisions to the view "that a modern war could not be won, and that in such a war even 'defense' of American interests might well be impossible." This has led to the adoption of the concept of deterrence as the "key" to our military policy.

In brief compass the author then sets forth the elements that constitute the varied forms a policy of deterrence may assume. The Counter-force Theory, the Balanced Deterrent Theory, the Mix, and the Arms-Control-Only Theory are examined *seriatim*. In every instance, the underlying purpose and strategy are described, followed by a telling commentary on the objections to each of the alternatives. And throughout there are interspersed illuminating comments on the baneful results of *inter-service and industrial rivalries*.

If Mr. Waskow's highly critical analysis is sound—and to the layman, at least, it seems persuasive—then what Winston Churchill has called "the Balance of Terror" is a far more uneasy balance than some of us have been led to believe. But turning from this somewhat pessimistic note, the author offers under "Disarmament Plus" what he describes as a workable deterrent. In this and the few remaining chapters he outlines a program of "practical steps" toward "Disarmament Plus," which would in his opinion point the way to escape from the prevailing international madness.

But if Mr. Waskow had subjected his program to the same critical analysis as that devoted to the types of deterrence advanced by the Armed Services, he would have demolished his own proposals no less effectively. For he advocates the adoption of a number of measures along the way, such as "the announcement of a permanent abandonment of nuclear testing in the earth's atmosphere, regardless of such action by any other power," which there is not the slightest chance that we would even seriously consider.

This is all the more disappointing because Mr. Waskow is convinced that to follow the policy he has presented in such detail "is the only effective way of both preserving human life and advancing human liberty." We must all fervently hope that he is wrong in this, and that in the Administration and other informed circles the search for a more realistic way out of our dilemma will continue to be vigorously pursued.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"WHEN I HAVE FEARS . . . ."

Each of the terms in the first column below signifies a morbid dread of something or other, and Column Two lists the somethings or others. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, asks you to assign the correct phobia to the correct objective. Answers on page 32.

1. acrophobia	( ) fear of enclosed places
2. agoraphobia	( ) fear of water
3. ailurophobia	( ) fear of novelty
4. claustrophobia	( ) fear of death
5. doraphobia	( ) fear of fire
6. dysmorphobia	( ) fear of hydrophobia
7. Francophobia	( ) fear of the French
8. Gallophobia	( ) fear of France
9. hydrophobia	( ) fear of open spaces
10. ichthyophobia	( ) fear of food or grain
11. lyssophobia	( ) fear of one's own fears
12. neophobia	( ) fear of great heights
13. pharmacophobia	( ) fear of being poisoned
14. phobophobia	( ) fear of medicine
15. photophobia	( ) fear of fish
16. pyrophobia	( ) fear of hide or fur
17. sitophobia	( ) fear of animals
18. thanatophobia	( ) fear of being misshapen
19. toxiphobia	( ) fear of light
20. zoophobia	( ) fear of cats

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Immolation on the Altar of Art

—*From the book.*

Rimbaud, second from left, in "Le Coin de Table" by Fantin-Latour

"Arthur Rimbaud," by Enid Starkie *(New Directions. 446 pp. $10), offers new biographical evidence on a poet who sought God through the derangement of his senses. Laurent LeSage is professor of French literature at Pennsylvania State University.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

THERE are some writers, Jean Giraudoux once said, whose lives are more important to us than their works. He did not have in mind Rimbaud, whose poetry stands with the greatest any Frenchman ever produced, but Rimbaud illustrates perfectly the idea he goes on to develop—that there are writers whose lives and whose works run together, as it were, so that it is the man we read in the works, and in the life we read the adventure of art. Arthur Rimbaud's life has acquired this symbolic and exemplary significance, has become the very myth of poetry, the lesson of its folly and its grandeur, to the extent that if we marvel at his work, it is never without reference to his life, which we contemplate with a sort of sacred horror. In Enid Starkie's book, we watch it being re-enacted like scenes from a symbolic drama.

It begins in the dreary northern town of Charleville, where, as a schoolboy, Rimbaud suffered the fate of all those who are superior or different. He grew to loathe his harsh and bigoted mother, his loutish companions, the lethargic town; and sought a way out in dreams and in reading directed by a compassionate teacher, who also encouraged him in his own verses. He was head of the class. But the seraphic face with its candid blue eyes was only a mask for the rebel. After three frustrated attempts to run away from home, he vented his rage by quitting school and living in the bars. Already he had acquaintance with vagabondage, jail, and pederasty; the model schoolboy became Rimbaud the *voyou*. He would never see Charleville as anything but the symbol of tyranny and of his failures, for it is there, time after time in later life, that he would be forced to return in ignominy and defeat.

When Verlaine summoned him to Paris, the country boy of sixteen felt that he, the swan, had finally left the ducks and their stinking pond. But to Parisians he looked just like a duck, and Rimbaud, with the perversity of the proud, sought to worsen the bad impression he made. The genius is the outsider: no more than the exceptional child can know the gregarious joys of the mediocre can the genius feel at home with the rank and file of writers. Only Verlaine recognized what sort of rare spirit was in their midst. If his adoration led Rimbaud into debauchery and misery, Verlaine served only as an instrument of destiny; Rimbaud was already committed to a life of scandal by his artistic convictions. He believed that the poet is essentially a seer, privileged to behold more than ordinary mortals; therefore he welcomed drugs, vice, even magic as means to accomplish his monstrous ambition. Through the systematic derangement of the senses he thought to see God. The reward for Rimbaud's self-immolation on the altar of art is the poetry of the "Illuminations"—apocalyptic visions of strange beauty and power. But their validity is only esthetic, and Rimbaud, after recording his disabusement in "A Season in Hell," renounced poetry forever.

Writing, however, is only incidental in the life of a poet (to recall another of Giraudoux's paradoxes), and Rimbaud personified the poet until the day of his death. The Promethean adventure he had sought in art he now sought in action, and he became the legendary exile and wanderer on the face of the earth, *"l'homme aux semelles de vent."* Europe, Asia, Africa—finally he settled down in Abyssinia. While in Paris a new school of poetry was establishing a cult about his name, Rimbaud, indifferent now to literary notice, was seeking fortune and fame on the very frontiers of the Western world. He lived in cities where white men had never lived, explored virgin territories, took up the hazardous work of gun-running, perhaps even of slave-trading. He pushed himself physically to the breaking point, but failed to realize his dreams here as elsewhere. He sickened, and eventually died in a Marseilles hospital after amputation and excruciating suffering, a victim probably of syphilis in the tertiary stage. This man who had sinned against the spirit and the flesh, who had revolted against the human condition and sought to become a god, was stopped only by death.

Miss Starkie, a distinguished French scholar, has made the story of this life her crowning achievement. It is the product of years of study and painstaking research. Rimbaud specialists throughout the world will surely be especially interested in her views on such burning questions as the date of the "Illuminations" which rage in academic circles, and will appreciate the new biographical evidence she offers. Other readers, however, will not find these discussions boring or irrelevant, nor indeed the fine analyses of Rimbaud's poetry. But for everyone, it seems safe to say, this work will be above all the story of the poet incarnate, the man who challenges heaven.

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Exuberant Man of Malabar Farm

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Louis Bromfield — "one of those multiple-threat creative workers."

"The Heritage: A Daughter's Memories of Louis Bromfield," by Ellen Bromfield Geld *(Harper. 204 pp. $4.50), reminisces affectionately but objectively about "the Boss," the novelist-farmer-crusader who outlived the world that he knew. Novelist and critic W. G. Rogers's reviews are syndicated in newspapers by the Saturday Review Book Service.*

By W. G. ROGERS

THREE streams, Nonette, Switzer's Creek, and Atibaia, are the big Bromfield boundaries. The first ran through Senlis, a charming French town with a gray-walled, tree-shaded square thirty-five miles from Paris (Americans know nearby Chantilly better). Here Louis Bromfield lived from the success of his first novel, "The Green Bay Tree," to the eve of World War II. Switzer's Creek, sounding flat and unromantic, belongs with Malabar Farm, in Ohio, where Bromfield was a scientific farmer. Atibaia in Brazil marks the end; here this daughter-biographer and her husband tried their own Malabar. It was covert rebellion against the Boss, as they called the doughty novelist-farmer-crusader, abandoned on land that no longer brought in the needed money, left alone, too, in a world advancing beyond the writer's conservative orbit.

Bromfield was one of those multiple-threat creative workers: newsman; critic of books, music, theatre, and ballet; editor; then novelist and dramatist; and, eventually, impassioned foe of farm subsidies and old-age pensions. It must have been a quarter-century ago that he issued the unqualified warning that we'd all be dead soon—long before now—if we used synthetic chemicals in farming.

Worldly success mattered to Bromfield. He liked to splurge; on Sunday after Sunday he entertained such people as Edna Ferber, Lauren Bacall, Gertrude Stein, a Rothschild in Europe, a governor in Ohio, and a hundred others. He decorated Malabar Farm with garish taste, rigging up a mirrored living-room wall with forty-eight gilt stars and an American eagle. Not long before his death in 1956 he expressed the opinion that "fiction writing is simply a way of making a living."

His first books were a great deal better than this implies, and it is much to Mrs. Geld's credit that she has achieved an honest perspective and correctly estimated his conservatism, the value of his early works, and the unhappy thinning out of the quality in his later ones. The best, aside from the Pulitzer Prize-winning "Early Autumn" of 1926, were "A Good Woman" and "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg." Mrs. Geld identifies some sources, including Bromfield's mother, his wife's Social Register background, and one of her sisters.

For these things he will be remembered: the beginning novels, candid, sure, probing; the open-air, uninhibited, rich life he led and taught others to lead; the man himself, shy, natural, generous, exuberant, contrary, as eager for a romp with his dogs as for an evening at the opera. They constitute the "heritage" revealed by Mrs. Geld with warm affection. Her writing, fresh and spirited, is itself part of that heritage; and she loves sky, stars, fields, forests, and streams as dearly as her father did.

June Twenty, Three Days After

By Miller Williams

WHEN I was a boy and a man would die
we'd say a verse when the hearse went by
one car two car three car four
someone knocking on the devil's door.

. . . I smoked all night myself awake
and saw the lights and the day break.
When the sun was done with the final star
I left the house and the door ajar
and went to the church. The father was nice
but the holy water was cold as ice.
I found a friend and felt his hand
fall through mine like crumbling sand.
I went to hear the talk in the square
but there were headless people there.
I turned to the clock for the time of day
but the hole in the wall had nothing to say.
Callous of heaven and careless of hell
you knew something you didn't tell.
The soul you said was only fear,
and heaven, well heaven at best was here.
So heaven is gone if that was it,
and the soul lies there in the private pit
but hell is big and hell is a bone
and hell comes in from the edge of alone.
Hell is a dead girl who walks through the town
and hunts for my bed to lay herself down.

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Prototype for Little Klaus

"Hans Christian Andersen: A Biography," by Fredrik Böök, *translated by George C. Schoolfield (University of Oklahoma Press. 252 pp. $4.50), uncovers some of the private goblins that haunted the beloved storyteller. Peter Green is the author of "Kenneth Grahame."*

By PETER GREEN

FROM Hamlet to Kierkegaard, literary Danes seem to have been a gloomy lot, and Hans Christian Andersen, despite his aggressive meliorism in print, was no exception. "The story of my life," he declared, "is intended to teach the world the lesson it teaches me: that there is a loving God Who arranges everything for the best." In Andersen's case the arranging was a major operation. His family background was one of poverty, alcoholism, insanity, and illegitimacy—pious research continually turns up fresh bastards among the next-of-kin—and all his life he nursed an outsize phobia about his half-sister Karen, always expecting her to turn up on his doorstep as an unwelcome reminder of the murky childhood he had so skilfully transmuted into pure fairy-tale gold. When she eventually did, the bogey was not as bad as he had feared, but he quickly shook her off again nevertheless. The juxtaposition of myth and reality proved disconcerting.

From his working-class neighbors in Odense this shy, solitary boy absorbed a whole heap of folklore and old wives' tales; from his father the cobbler he picked up, rather guiltily, a streak of free-thinking rationalism. He preferred a toy puppet theatre to live playmates; already the urge to write and act was stirring in him. At the age of fourteen, a tall, gawky, big-nosed Ugly Duckling, he went to Copenhagen, determined to get himself a job in the theatre there. After some unpleasant rebuffs, he struggled along for a while as an extra, but it was plain he had no talent in this direction. So instead he plumped for poetry. "Can't I turn out to be somebody?" he cried. "I want so badly to be famous." Andersen's enemies never lost a chance of satirizing his vanity; but there is something disarming about such ingenuousness.

Caricature by Jurgensen of Andersen coming from the hairdresser.

The turn in Andersen's fortunes came when Jonas Collin, an influential Treasury official and director of the Royal Theatre, took an interest in the boy's work. Collin was nothing if not practical. He saw that what Andersen lacked was education, and obtained a grant from the king to this end. But at Slagelse's Latin School the boy came under Rector Meisling, a slovenly and arrogant man who seems to have taken pleasure in baiting Andersen and undermining whatever small self-confidence he possessed. He had a weird taste in insults, this Meisling; he once called Andersen a "Shakespeare with vampire eyes," and his dislike for the precocious youth can hardly have been lessened by the fact that his wife made vigorous attempts to seduce Hans Christian—though without success. In the year of his death Andersen was still having anxiety-dreams about his old dominie. Yet perhaps Meisling had cause for irritation; Andersen's blend of ignorance and egotism must at times have been excessively trying.

Still supported by the Collin family, Andersen received a university training and, at last, was successfully launched in the world of letters. But the ugly duckling still lurked within the growing swan. Collin's children, Edward and Louise, tactfully emphasized the social gulf between them and their "poor relation." Andersen felt humiliated, an outcast. Fame was never wholly to obliterate these deep scars, and the self-assertive egocentricity that marks all his behavior can surely be attributed, in part at least, to self-protective compensation, just as the hard facts of his childhood were rewritten in retrospect as a personal panacea. The compulsive traveling, the naïve delight in luxury, the unashamed and rampant snobbishness—all these are the obverse of a very different medal. Only with women did the inner diffidence lack a mask; Andersen had a peculiar talent for unrequited love.

Like many other authors, he did not at first realize where his real talents lay. Just as Conan Doyle rated his historical romances above the Sherlock Holmes stories, so Andersen regarded the fairy tales (to begin with, at any rate) as a "bagatelle," and pinned his hopes on a novel called "The Improvisator." It was the great physicist Orsted who first predicted that the fairy tales would achieve immortality for their author. Like Lewis Carroll and Kenneth Grahame, Andersen excelled in telling such stories to children; he largely shared their vision, with its precise imagery and bold use of vernacular speech. Like Carroll and Grahame, too, he had a sad inner life much at odds with the myth of himself he projected.

Fredrik Böök's painstaking biography does not attempt to conceal the discrepancy between fantasy and fact; it tells us a great deal about Andersen, and hints at more between the lines. But the sober, puddingy style makes for dull reading. The definitive biography of Andersen is yet to be written; and when it appears it will not be dull, though it may well prove horrific.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 973

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 973 will be found in the next issue.

SGTO HGMAT QNL QFGYO QT CQDDE QT OCLE SQAL YD OCLKN SKBXT OG FL. QFNQCQS MKBWGMB.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 972

Great minds have purposes, others have wishes.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

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FICTION

To Himself He Was Untrue

"The Road from the Monument," by Storm Jameson *(Harper. 340 pp. $4.50), indicts today's moral and intellectual values, personified in the story of a self-deceiving egotist. Aileen Pippett has long been a student of the English literary scene.*

By AILEEN PIPPETT

STORM JAMESON is a novelist of the conscience. Her aim in this book is to unmask truth, to confront a man with himself; but the central figure here is too weak a peg on which to hang so heavy a moral mantle. Gregory Mott at fifty has risen from poverty to international fame as novelist and thinker; he is affluent and influential as director of the Rutley Institute of Arts, that efflorescence of a billionaire's bounty with its palatial office in London's Park Lane. Alas, organization, its chief, and their respective reputations are incredible.

The trouble lies in the field of his alleged genius. Musicians or painters, whose essence is beyond words, can be taken on trust, but with writers we expect to be shown cause. Extracts from a quasi-religious work show that Mott is neither a great stylist nor a deep thinker. One must sadly admit that this would not prevent his being widely acclaimed, but it is impossible to believe anyone of integrity and taste would consider him a great man. It is clear from the first that the old teacher who had starved to help him get a university education is doomed to heartbreak on finding, when he visits him in his glory in London, that he is a tinkling cymbal, not the trumpet of the Lord he had hoped to hear.

This scathing exposure of Mott's essential nullity prepares us for other revelations of betrayals and desertions, not conscious villainies but the negative acts of an egotist who is utterly indifferent to, indeed unaware of, other people. The world around him is depicted with devastating brilliance. The Institute is shown as an instrument for spending money, with no relation to art or life, and around this honeypot, two literary cliques swarm, one led by the wife of Mott's assistant, a Madame Verdurin type of culture snob, the other led by his own wife, a haughty aristocrat reminiscent of the Duchesse de Guermantes. The parallels with Proust are not exact, but both rival groups have the same urge to maintain the pretense that all is sweetness and light. Mott sins against this code; he is found out. His casual seduction of a chancemet girl has results he tries to evade, and the mere possibility of a vulgar scandal causes his downfall. The monument crumbles soundlessly. His "resignation" is gracefully accepted by his fickle friends; with profound relief by all concerned.

Undoubtedly Miss Jameson intends a burning indictment of today's false moral and intellectual values, but the flames of her wrath scorch without conveying warmth. "You give the impression of being sorry for people without liking them. And that's fatal," says Mott airily to an ex-mistress, a good but not widely read novelist. This is sound criticism of her own book. It is difficult to feel either liking or sympathy for these polite, pompous self-deceivers. When Mott has his moment of truth and realizes his work is "mere twaddle . . . crushing nonsense . . . a colossal fraud," I felt like saying I could have told him as much by page 14, and that moreover his claim to have an "intellectual conception of God" is sheer impudence.

Nevertheless "The Road from the Monument" is not twaddle. It is sincere and honest and to the point. Miss Jameson's view of London is not merely from a picture window overlooking Hyde Park. She sees, besides the sunlight and trees there, prostitutes and drunks, with the Battersea Power Station on the skyline. The crowds in Oxford Street throb with vitality, though Mott's name and that of the Institute are meaningless to them. The author does not sentimentalize about his future by pretending he has the slightest feeling for the seduced girl or her baby. They will not starve—he has seen to that through his lawyers—nor will he; and maybe in provincial obscurity he will at last prove he has a soul slightly larger than a parched pea.

Odyssey to Inner Beings

"Down There on a Visit," by Christopher Isherwood *(Simon & Schuster. 318 pp. $4.75), turns a tourist's "camera" eye on a dark private world and its sometimes unsavory inhabitants. William Peden, who frequently comments on current fiction, is director of the University of Missouri Press.*

By WILLIAM PEDEN

THIS book, described by Christopher Isherwood's publishers as a novel, might more aptly be called a group of semi-related short stories, or a fictionalized autobiography, or a series of narrative-essays. A strange, unblinking work, its nature can perhaps be suggested by indulging in the Game of Substituting Titles. "Isherwood Revisited," perhaps? "Christopher as Narcissus"? or "The Novelist as Voyeur"?

In any case, the main subject of the book is Isherwood himself, as depicted in retrospect from youth to middle age. We first meet him in London in the spring of 1928 ("he is almost a stranger to me," comments the elder Isherwood, now in his late fifties, "[though] we still share the same skeleton"). Christopher is twenty-three and has just published his first novel, "All the Conspirators." He is a Very Angry Young Man, "genuinely" a rebel, who fears experience yet is "wildly eager" for it. Above all, he is determined to "disappoint, disgrace, and disown" his ancestors.

Christopher's odyssey begins in a north German harbor city during a visit to Mr. Lancaster, a cousin he detests. There he meets the young German boy, Waldemar, who figures prominently in each of the book's four episodes or movements, and serves somewhat to bring together the major characters who "share the insult of each other's presence."

Five years later, in the "Ambrose" episode, we find Christopher and Waldemar on a Greek island in the company of two alcoholic British expatriates, a psychopathic veteran of the German Army, a pair of amoral Greek boys, and a Continental nymphomaniac. This fantastic kingdom and its debauched leader, combining as he does some of the characteristics of Prospero, Dorian Gray, and Holden Caulfield, are among the best things Mr. Isherwood has ever done—in a word, masterly. Life on the island inevitably erupts and

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Christopher leaves, concluding that he belongs there no more than in England, "or anywhere."

Christopher continues his wanderings, to pre-Munich England (in "Waldemar," the third and least impressive episode, a "bore" for the most part, to use Christopher's favorite epithet), and, finally, to Hollywood, where he takes up Yoga and pacifism and is involved in a long, complex salvation-or-destruction struggle with Paul, "the last of the professional tapettes."

Despite their changes and mutations, these Christophers are observers, not participants. They remain essentially uncommitted by their visits *down there*, to the dark worlds of their own inner beings or to the private or public hells of Mr. Lancaster, Ambrose, Waldemar, and Paul. Paul, dying in Paris, hits the nail on the head:

> "You're exactly like a tourist who thinks he can take in the whole of Rome in one day. You know, you really are a tourist, to your bones. I bet you're always sending post cards with 'Down here on a visit' on them. That's the story of your life."

Few writers have so unsparingly scrutinized their worlds. "Down There on a Visit" is outrageous, bitter, bleak, angry, wry, revealing, infuriating, and at times marvelously comic. Rather than with "*La Nouvelle Héloise*" or "The Counterfeiters" or "*Là-bas*," it belongs with Rousseau's "Confessions" or Gide's "Journals," and it has about it the authentic ring of a small, offbeat classic.

Quixote in Green Armor

"Oh, Mary, This London," by Michael Campbell *(Orion. 287 pp. $3.95), chronicles an assault on the British capital by two young Irishmen in search of "people who are genuine." Barry Spacks, a member of the Humanities Department at MIT, is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By BARRY SPACKS

WE FIND the label "comedy" so often these days on coy, tortured, inconsequential entertainments, unlaughably irrelevant to the business of actual living, it would be no wonder if we forgot altogether that comedy at its best is involved with the serious business of living well. Happily, Michael Campbell of Ireland is one writer who consistently reminds us how high an art high comedy can be. His third novel, "Oh, Mary, This London," greeted in England as worthy to shine alongside the brilliance of the early Amis and Waugh—and for once such familiar comparisons are in no way forced—is yet more than this. Comfortably at home in the main line of the British comic novel, the book is a true original as well, ambitious in theme, populated by a score of engaging characters, and movingly, tonically funny.

Campbell's hero is Peter Gavin, twenty-three, Irish, civilized, full of the zest for life, and absolutely frustrated in his efforts to find it in the social chaos of modern London. Joined by Charles, his friend from Trinity College days, Peter tilts out at one nightmarish English clique after another, "looking for people who are genuine." He is Don Quixote in green armor, battered by the windmills of squalor and complacency, tempted to conclude that "Central London is not the right place to seek the Holy Grail." But Charles, with his grotesque confidence and aplomb, keeps them at it. "We will make contact" becomes their motto, but it soon gives way to Peter's dogged insistence that "there really must be something else."

In the course of the quest we are introduced to a surrealistic boys' school where teacher and pupil hurl books at one another; to a smart London party—certainly the most amusing example of this set-piece scene in recent fiction; to anxious Earl's Court Bohemianism, the libidinous country gentry, underworld czars with literary leanings, and a final, extravagant vision of Americanization in the person of an effete teen-age idol who rocks and rolls Mayfair till the confusion resembles the Battle of Britain. All the while, the two friends keep up a choral commentary in the form of conversations that range from the question of who is to cook the evening egg to the consolations of philosophy, work, social ambition, and love; mainly, however, they pick at the curious riddle of the English character.

There are weak moments, of course; even the most lightfooted comic novelist comes to stretches where the very complexity of his hero's adventures makes for heavy going. In the second half of his book Mr. Campbell does turn now and again to the expedient of pure situation comedy based on nothing deeper than confusions and cross-purposes. He also seems overly concerned to tie up every loose end in the story, with an attendant strain as characters find themselves thrust back on the stage for a brief reprise.

But we can easily forgive him this. Most of the way we continually assent to his insights with our laughter. In other words, he offers us true comic enlightenment on the ills of our world.

DROPPED AITCHES IN MALAYA: Alan Sillitoe entered upon the American scene in 1959 with "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning." It was a most convincing entrance; he immediately made the scene, too, so to speak. The following year saw the publication of a book of short stories. The lead story in it, "The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner," seemed to me one of the finest and freshest I had ever read. After that, the potentialities of Sillitoe as a writer can really be taken for granted, and one hates to say that **"Key to the Door"** (Knopf, $5.95) is bewilderingly boring and mediocre.

Here is a very lengthy account of a boy growing up in a Nottingham slum during the depression of the Thirties and the war years, and of his postwar service as a wireless operator for the RAF in Malaya. The story is told in an involved series of flashbacks and to's and fro's between England and Malaya. There is all the familiar stuff about the dole, the scrounging for coal and food, and the family fights; and there are hundreds of inverted commas indicating dropped aitches.

No doubt "Key to the Door" is almost straight autobiography. The reader becomes aware of a painstaking process of search by the author, a raking of every last corner for some memory or detail. But the wealth of material finally put on paper does not add up. It reads like the pages of a diary, any boy's diary, rather than like a book. Only in the very last chapters, where the wireless operator lets a Chinese guerrilla in the Malayan jungle escape—there is a picture in his mind of "a gloomy autumnal dinner-hour opposite the factory canteen . . . a Communist speaker . . ."—only at that one moment do all these diary entries point to a structure, a path, some kind of culmination.

Even the style of the book is unsure, with strange flights into highly literary sentences contrasting with the plain body of the narrative. There is a painfully poetic interlude of passion, in which we suddenly stumble over the announcement that the girl was "in her birthday suit." Whenever written, "Key to the Door" reads very much like a first novel.

—HANS KONINGSBERGER.

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A Businessman's Articles of Faith

"Manifesto for Americans," by Harry A. Bullis *(McGraw-Hill. 213 pp. $4.95), faces up to a revolutionary world society with action proposals regarding a number of its more perplexing aspects. Calvin Kytle is vice president in charge of public relations and advertising for Nationwide Insurance.*

By CALVIN KYTLE

IT MAY be hard to picture Harry A. Bullis on a Wheaties carton. There is, nevertheless, much about him that bears an inescapable resemblance to those champions who over the years have regularly testified to the goodness of his company's famous product. He neither drinks nor smokes; at seventy he is still trim, robust, glowing. More important for purposes of a testimonial, he has the champion's philosophy—"Drive straight ahead with a positive mental attitude"—and a story to prove it. From newspaper carrier to General Mills chairman, from bookkeeper to NAM's "Man of the Year," from an expert on Minnesota flour mills to an internationally respected authority on food production, Harry Bullis, who has just been named president of the Freedom from Hunger Foundation, has moved naturally and logically from all-American boy to all-American businessman.

Mr. Bullis's spirit pervades "Manifesto for Americans." Somewhat regrettably, his own story does not. For what he has chosen to do is give us his ideas, the ideas of a vigorous and most constructive lifetime, rather than an account of how he acquired them.

For his text Mr. Bullis apparently has taken one of his own much-publicized convictions: "I believe the chief executive should, in so far as possible, be a statesman in this world which is now so dominated by economics." Here he is then—Harry Bullis, Statesman, giving us his ideas on such diverse topics as economic stability, the U.S. farm problem, taxes and tax reform, labor and management, the social responsibilities of big business, public education, foreign trade, aid to the underdeveloped countries, and peace. By nature a doer, he has action proposals for each.

From a man who so obviously feels what he believes, this is a curiously impersonal book. Only rarely does Bullis draw on his experiences to illustrate his points. His favorite forms of documentation are the statistic and the quotation. His chief technique of persuasion is the inspirational close, sometimes the Biblical injunction. The style is mostly a kind of straightforward schoolbook prose. It is repetitious in part and not always consistent in point of view.

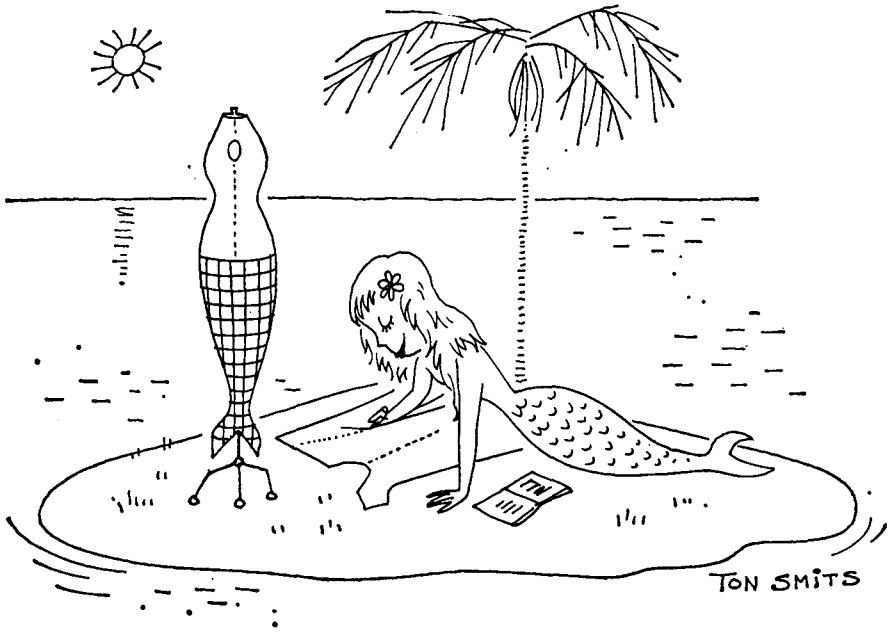
To get all the debits out of the way, it should be noted further that few, if any, of Mr. Bullis's ideas are original. In addition, his native optimism often leads him to oversimplification and to generalities that only weaken his case. On occasion he lapses into something close to nonsense, as when, summarizing his views on U.S. agriculture, he writes: "If we will search objectively for the best solutions and if we will refuse to yield to the pressures of special interests, the farm problem will be solved. . . ."

Even so, "Manifesto for Americans" is a valuable book. If the ideas it contains are not especially new, they still deserve to be read for what they represent. For the important and heartening thing is that Harry Bullis speaks for a growing segment of American business, and the fact that there are businessmen like Harry Bullis needs to be better understood, not only by critics of business in the U.S. but most particularly by the leaders of the rising young countries overseas.

Bullis's stand on current issues can be summed up fairly simply. He is for lowering tariffs and for U.S. participation in the European common market; he is for increased foreign aid; he is for greater support of the United Nations; he believes that management has the obligation to provide job satisfaction, though he does not approve of wage increases unless there is a commensurate rise in worker productivity. To distinguish him even more from his conservative colleagues, he understands clearly the twin imperatives for survival in the twentieth century—to plan and to change.

INDEED, what is communicated best in this book is Harry Bullis's own eagerness to learn and to accommodate his mind to the realities of a revolutionary world society. Here, one feels, is a good man who in his own development as a public figure has instinctively steered toward the sensible and humane. Now in his retirement it is good to have from him his unequivocal statement of faith, expressed in the unqualified rhetoric of fact: "The goal of One World . . . is a common destiny to which each and all of mankind can contribute. Peace with justice and freedom through world

(*Continued on page* 51)



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ARTHUR KNIGHT
KATHARINE KUH
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
JOHN T. WINTERICH

A Modest Proposal

MR. JAMES RESTON, in the New York *Times*, suggests that a fruitful meeting place for Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Khrushchev might be Christmas Island in the South Pacific Ocean, now being readied for new nuclear tests. Mr. Reston feels that the general setting would be most propitious for a summit conference, especially if the principals knew they could not depart in advance of the detonations without having reached effective agreements on armaments and peace in general.

In the same vein, we have a modest proposal of our own. The United States and the Soviet Union have expressed a desire to get together on the exploration of outer space. For their first project, we suggest a spaceship built for two—large enough, that is, to sustain the combined weight of the two chiefs of state. American and Soviet scientists have declared that the additional thrust required for a two-man vehicle is entirely within the capability of both countries. Moreover, some scientists have predicted that further research and development could produce a spaceship so beautifully constructed and automated that ordinary people, without special astronautical training and conditioning could ride in it.

Here, then, is a possible joint venture which could produce an ideal booth for confabulation or communion. A journey into outer space for a summit meeting offers surroundings far more relevant to the real issues than anything available on earth. For only from that spatial vantage point is it possible to take in the whole of the human environment. Even before the leaders talk in their spaceship about national policies or postures or situations of strength, they can consider some common environmental problems. A single glance through the porthole should suffice to convince them that the earth is not only round but quite singular. Moreover, as universal bodies go, it is not very large. But it is a habitat suitable for humans. The main item on the agenda is how to keep it that way.

By way of underscoring this point, the summit spaceship might go venturing into remote reaches of the cosmos. The occupants of the vehicle would look for conditions favorable to human life elsewhere in the universe. If the spaceship could move faster than the speed of light, it is possible that it might carry them into distant galaxies where sentient life also exists. But they might have to check off a billion firmament objects for every one where the rare conditions that support life obtain.

After a while, a proper respect might emerge for the precariousness of human life. It is also possible that the space travelers would make a discovery far more spectacular than anything that they might find in the cosmos. They might discover a relationship far more significant than their national one; they might discover that they both belong to the same species and are actually dependent on one another. They might be able to transfer all the old considerations of ego, pride, and prestige from the nation to the total human grouping. In short, they might discover what the maturity of the species requires.

It is conceivable, however, that the habits of the earth-dwellers are too strong to overcome even in a protracted ride through space. And there may be no way of jettisoning the fixed positions that make it almost mathematically certain that the humans will lead an assault against themselves, smashing at both their own handiwork and the natural environmental conditions that favor their existence. If, therefore, a new perspective did not come out of a summit spaceship, perhaps there might at least be a Grand Mitigating Agreement. This leads us to the second part of our proposal.

No one disputes the fact that a multimegaton exchange of nuclear firepower would have punishing effects far beyond the warring peoples. Theoretically, at least, enough nuclear explosives now exist to cover the entire earth with a lethal radioactive shroud. Therefore the need for a Grand Mitigating Agreement. Under this G.M.A., leaders of both nations would frankly confess their failure to avoid the war that would destroy them both. But they would at least jointly recognize that they have it within their power to destroy each other's country without destroying anyone else.

Let them draw up a plan, therefore, under which the best brains in both countries are assigned to the job of *confining* the total destruction to the warring peoples. Since it has been repeatedly asserted that underground explosions eliminate the radioactive hazard, the entire population of both nations can be marshalled into mammoth caves. Then, at a prearranged time, synchronized fuses can set off megaton explosions inside the caves. Since the caves would be sealed off, the lethal radioactivity would be contained. In this way, a total result would have been achieved without penalty to the rest of the human race.

Thus, the growing numbers of people in both countries who proclaim the inevitability of nuclear war can be satisfied. For those in both countries who do not hold to this view, there may be some consolation in the fact that no one else will be hurt. There is no assurance, of course, of peace and tranquillity in the surviving portion of the human race. But at least an object lesson would have been provided. Moreover the human experiment would be prolonged, keeping alive the chance that enough people may sooner or later develop a perspective on man in the universe.

A G.M.A. is raging madness. Of course it is madness. But it is slightly less mad than the present course of human affairs. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SIR—A PROGRESS REPORT

N.C.'s RECOMMENDATION for forming Societies for Individual Responsibility has stuck with me, and I would like to know how it has been going, what kind of response you have had, and what information I might be able to get concerning progress to date.

TOM MCCOLLOUGH.
Columbus, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The response of readers, since the publication of the SIR editorial on December 2, has been most encouraging. To date, nearly 1,000 readers have responded, many of them to inform us that they have started units of the Society for Individual Responsibility in their own communities. The aim of SR's editorial was to help crystallize the creative ideas and actions generated all over the country by responsible individuals who did not know where best to take hold in order to have a significant personal connection with what is happening in the nation and the world; at the same time, SR offered to act as a clearinghouse or exchange post to promote a flow of information among the various SIR units. The following excerpts from readers' letters suggest something of the wide interest and excitement the idea has generated during SIR's first three months.*

A GROUP OF US have had our first meeting, and are planning to meet again every other Monday. . . . We would appreciate additional reprints of the editorial on SIR very much; could we possibly have one hundred of them? . . . In the meantime, we are anxious to have you know that in the Mt. Airy-Chestnut Hill section of Philadelphia, one eager SIR group is definitely on its way.

HARRIET E. RICHMAN.
Philadelphia, Pa.

I HAVE DISCUSSED the organization of a SIR group with individuals in our community and they are anxious to proceed with a program.

Our group is planning to meet later this month.

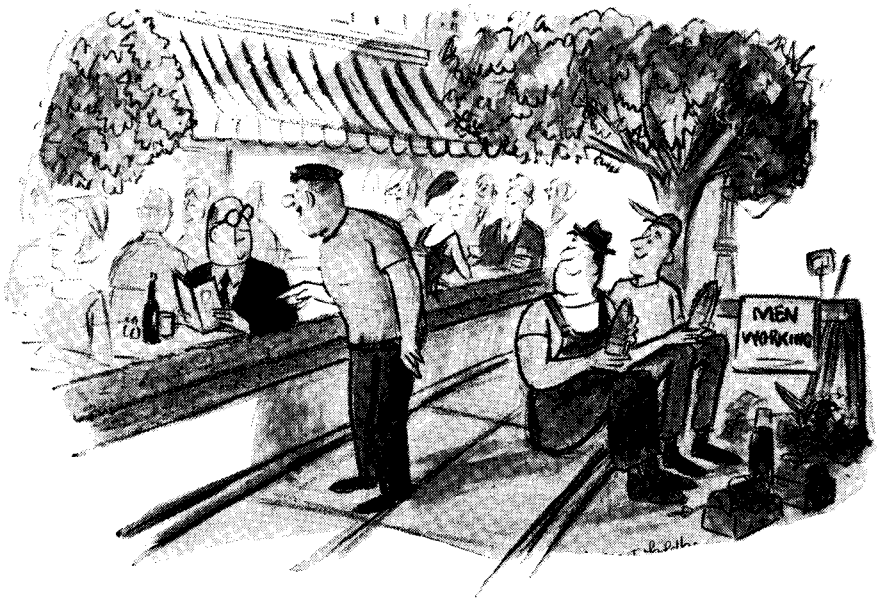
L. B. ROSENSTEIN, O.D.
Vineland, N. J.

WE HAVE A GROUP all ready to go. Your editorial was poignant and we are ready to assume our responsibility. Thank you for your guidance—and for a great magazine.

MRS. CHARLES WALDMAN.
North Hollywood, Calif.

" . . . Enthusiastic SIR members from the Washington-Bethesda area met for their first meeting. . . . We all felt that something should definitely be done to awaken and make use of individual responsibility. . . . The idea of a bulletin seems extremely valuable, since much impetus will be gained by an exchange of ideas between various SIR units.

MRS. HELENE Z. LEE.
Washington, D.C.



"Would you mind lending us the ketchup?"

IN THE CITY in which I live, there is not one of my friends who sees any cause for alarm at the international situation. Therefore I would find a SIR bulletin helpful in overcoming my feeling of isolation and discouragement, and in giving my efforts positive direction.

MRS. EFFIE RICHARD.
Sherbrooke, Quebec

SINCE RECEIVING your reply to my questions concerning SIR, I have given some thought to organizing a group here in Huntsville, and I am now ready to act. I would certainly appreciate fifty reprints of the editorial on SIR. . . .

ALAN L. BREITLER,
First Lieutenant, U.S. Army.
Redstone Arsenal, Ala.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Interested groups may obtain reprints of the editorial by writing to SIR, c/o Saturday Review. A suggested bibliography for SIR groups, as well as a list of prospective members in various areas of the country, are also available.*

AT THE MOMENT we have twelve members, all parents, representing eight families. . . . Our objectives are to stimulate thought, education, and action in any and all areas of citizen responsibility in a democracy. . . .

LAWRENCE ATKIN.
Tuckahoe, N.Y.

IN THE SPIRIT of your SIR project, I propose an exchange of Peace Hostages with Russia and other potential nuclear powers as a major step toward peace. The exchange should be on a massive basis involving millions—not mere token trades as heretofore among our cultural organizations.

The first exchange should be made at the very top level. Let President Kennedy exchange the family of one of his close relatives for a Khrushchev counterpart. Likewise, include families of other government officials and civil servants, as well as individuals and/or their families from industry, business, science, education, and labor.

I believe a Peace Hostage program should be given official recognition by the governments involved. Those who volunteer should be assured by law that their jobs will be secure upon return. Each Hostage should be placed in a job abroad which is similar to the one he does at home. He will be better understood abroad and at home by those in the same occupation.

Side benefits of this program are broader than its mere deterrent effects. Correspondence between those at home and abroad, and regular press coverage, will further extend understanding. Perhaps a genuine compromise society could evolve out of a continuous interchange of peace-seeking people. Differences which cannot be resolved without communication, short of insane nuclear destruction, might be resolved by time and reason.

While I believe the first Peace Hostages should be from top-level government officials, a list of volunteers from other citizens should be compiled first. It will show our government that there is a widespread desire to make a concrete effort for peace by this method. I ask that any of your readers willing to join me as a volunteer Peace Hostage (subject to

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acceptance by American and Communist governments) for a period of from six months to two years or longer—with or without families—write to Peace Hostages, Box 2737, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.

STEPHEN D. JAMES.

New York, N.Y.

STOCKS . . .

CONGRATULATIONS ON the excellent articles on the United Nations [*SR*, Feb. 24]. I was happy to read that Arthur Larson feels there is no realistic alternative to the United Nations as a bulwark for peace. If this be the case, we must support the United Nations in every way we can—as individuals and as a nation.

With this feeling in mind, a positive project on behalf of the United Nations was initiated here in Boulder last December with the incorporation of a nonprofit organization called Shares in the Future, Inc. Shareholders receive a certificate stating that the dividend is payable in strengthened hope for a peaceful world. Shares are available in denominations from $1 to $500 and the money goes to the United Nations for the support of peace and disarmament. Our first check for $500 was turned over to Ralph Bunche of the United Nations on February 15 for the Freedom from Hunger Campaign of the Food and Agriculture Organization.

MRS. THOMAS MALONEY,
Shares in the Future, Inc.

Boulder, Colo.

. . . AND BONDS

THANK YOU FOR the editorial on the United Nations and the need for U.S. support of the U.N. bond issue [*SR*, Feb. 10]. President Kennedy's message to Congress requesting authorization for the U.S. to purchase $100,000,00 worth of U.N. bonds went to Congress on January 29, and the question will be coming up soon. That such a vital investment on behalf of national security and world peace should be in danger of not passing Congress because of lack of public endorsement is unimaginable. Yet the danger, seemingly, is real enough. I am sure that if *SR* readers respond as well, *right now*, with letters to their Senators and Congressmen, as they did when the Disarmament Agency bill was in similar jeopardy, they will contribute as substantially as they did then to the passage of an exceedingly important piece of legislation. The time to write is now.

GABRIELLE FACHER.

Waban, Mass.

ROUND AND ROUND

MARSHALL FISHWICK's article on the Twist [*SR*, Mar. 3] strikes this reader as the most pretentious piece of pseudo-intellectualism to appear in your periodical in some time.

To suggest that a current vulgar banality concocted by the con men of public taste somehow came out of the land and was good is callow and unsophisticated indeed. After invoking Plato, Dante, Einstein, Descartes, Camus, Emerson, Fitzgerald, Wolfe, and Hemingway, Mr. Fishwick wraps up his treatise with frozen limbs at Valley Forge and the graves of Shiloh. I don't know when I've felt so humble.

But this stuff is not social scrutiny; it is arrogance. Does the author truly think that "soldiers died in the Spanish-American War quoting the Founding Fathers" or that "the G.I. Joes of World War II went out quoting Ernest Hemingway"? Now really, gentlemen. I never heard Hemingway even mentioned aboard my ship, let alone quoted.

Let us not confuse the real with the unreal. The trouble with the Twist and kindred dalliances lies in the fact that they are utterly synthetic. For pride in indigenous and pioneering Americana let readers turn their attention to modern dance, where artists exercise daily with meaningful rhythm, grace, and muscular discipline. And let us not Twist our creative imagination.

WILLIAM E. HAWKES.

North Hollywood, Calif.

ALTHOUGH MARSHALL FISHWICK's article "The Twist: Brave New Whirl" is filled with some very intelligent observations and reaches some sound conclusions, I feel that he has put the cart before the horse when it comes to dance as a means of expression. The "wild outbursts" of our dancers are not confined to our century nor to our society. From man's earliest beginnings some deep emotional quickening has resulted in a kinetic response that we label as dance. . . .

Technological advances and the accompanying frustrations have not produced mans' need to dance the Twist. That need has been with him from the start. . . . His desire to dance, uninhibited, is certainly not created by the times. This has been a desire of all times. So, Vive la Danse!

WILLIAM A. RAWLS, JR.

Rocky Mount, N.C.

MARSHALL FISHWICK's article on the Twist is indeed interesting to this member of the "younger generation." His overall point is well enough taken, if our age be truly one of anxiety, anguish, et al. These are specific and important emotions; why must Dr. Fishwick (and others) demote the validity of them by twisting them up with a dance which is a passing fancy if there ever was one?

His theme would have had much more impact had he left the inconsequential Twist out of the picture altogether. I say "vive le Twist" today, and "vive" some other craze tomorrow (indicating the "uncertainty" of my age, obviously), but let's not build such a strong case for humanity on the triteness of a fad.

BEVERLY SHELL,
Hollins College.

Hollins College, Va.

WHILE I HEARTILY agree with Mr. Fishwick that jazz is an honest expression of the American spirit in the twentieth century, I question his conclusions about the Twist. In his article, it was assumed that the Twist is part of the continuing development of jazz. But in fact, the Twist is a product of rock 'n' roll, which is itself quite divorced from the mainstream of jazz. Although the most successful, the Twist is only one of the many dances recently spawned by rock 'n' roll. Rather than "the image of twentieth century man—in search of his humanity," the Twist seems close to the unfortunate, but ever-accompanying, commercial exhibitionism. Although it may not be worth prosecuting, I feel that the Twist cannot be defended on the basis of its virtues as a jazz expression of the modern American "willingness of the heart."

DAVID LANDAU,
Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Cambridge, Mass.

DOES THE POPULARITY of the Twist really require such a profound, erudite explication by a university professor? Any modern ballroom dance that has become extremely popular has induced a sense of completion in the participants. The swaying from one side to the other accomplishes this in the twist. On top of that it's easy to do (I'm forty-three), despite all those stories.

ROLAND C. GALLMAN.

Hollywood, Calif.

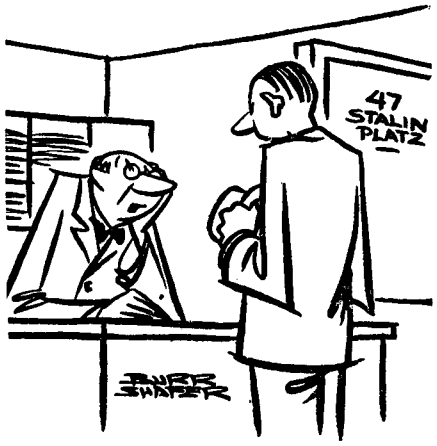
CARTOONIST'S CRYSTAL BALL

REGARDING THE CURRENT removal of Stalin's name from Soviet cities, streets, etc., do you recall your "Through History with J. Wesley Smith" cartoon of November 25, 1950?

W. F. STEVENSON.

Bennettsville, S.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR thanks Mr. Stevenson for his long memory, and is glad to give readers a second look at a prophetic cartoon.*



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Let's just order 100 plain letterheads this time. We still have thousands of Franz Joseph Platz, Wilson Platz, Hitler Platz, and Roosevelt Platz, and you never can tell . . ."

(Reprinted from SR, Nov. 25, 1950)

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Manner of Speaking

TO THE DAMNATION OF DEANS (A PREJUDICE): I leaned on my first lectern in January of 1940 as a new-minted instructor at the University of Kansas City. After a shade under four years with the Army Air Corps, beginning in 1942, I taught for seven years at Harvard as an instructor and then for eight years more at Rutgers, ending up as a full-chicken professor of English, a post and tenure I resigned last June.

These are not notes for a *curriculum vitae* but credentials in faith, as testimony that I have served a fair stint of campus time, and that if I cannot assemble facts and figures to do my lying for me, I have at least invested a lot of years in the prejudices I take away from the ivy.

Nothing has fueled my prejudices as richly as has the discovery that the college at which I dreamed of teaching does not, to my knowledge, exist. Harvard is the one possible exception I know of, and if it shines both by comparison and its own merit, its splendor is yet marked to some extent by the fungi of that administrative blight that has marked the face of all American colleges, a blight whose simple disaster is the fact that college policy has passed almost entirely from the hands of the faculty into those of the administration.

I make no effort to be impartial on this point. Education is too important a business to be left to deans. The deanly condition is the condition of ignorance camouflaged by secretaries, charts, IBM cards, and statistics, but ignorance none the less. That ignorance is occupational. Let a good man be trapped into a dean's swivel chair and his inhumane ignorance grows upon him as a condition of his employment. The only real difference between the arrogant and the apologetic deans is that the apologetic ones know to what extent their work drains them of mentality. How can one leave educational decision to men who lack the time to read a book?

My nostalgic notion of the true college was of an absolute and self-determining body of scholar-teachers. They are the faculty. They are appointed for their distinction and responsibility. And they, by discussion and vote, set the college policy, which is then passed on as formulated to a variety of clerk known as a dean. The duty of such clerks is to count the paper clips and add up the totals as instructed, leaving the faculty free for the important business of gathering information, of thinking about it, and of transmitting the information, the thought, and the method of thinking to students.

But if that is the ideal college, the ideal world is a cloud. Far from being clerks, those deans, sub-deans, over-deans (and the janitors) have become executives who outrank the faculty in pay, power, and persuasion. I have known distinguished professors to go into a reasonable approximation of a tizzy when a dean raised his voice. I have known a dean to walk into a departmental meeting called to elect a new chairman, and to announce to the department that no matter how they voted, only so-and-so would be acceptable to the administration. I have known presidents to convene the full faculty for a discussion of academic policy, receive the clear vote of the faculty, and within a few days announce a policy exactly opposite that voted by the faculty.

Now and then a professor has rebelled, but professors are poor rebels. They have, in fact, largely abdicated their responsibilities as members of the ideal faculty, probably for the same shabbily genteel reasons that have made them shy away from anything so sordid as the discussion of pay and working conditions. They have shown less professional character in making themselves respected than have plumbers and steamfitters.

THERE are times, in fact, when my then profession made me ashamed for it. As a former president of the National College English Association, I attended a number of meetings between teachers of liberal arts and corporation executives. I happen to believe, let me say more than parenthetically, that most academics begin by making a central decision about money and the competitive life. I myself made such a decision until I found that planned poverty among sheep bored me. It can be a good decision. In essence, a faculty member decides to live on about one-third the life income (if that much) that he might have earned in business. He is buying time for the life of the mind. His decision is both honorable and self-dignifying. Or so I thought, with occasional lapses into doubt, until that meeting.

The meeting took place at Corning and a number of high-ticketed executives took the floor to say the liberal arts colleges were important to them, that they sought liberal arts graduates for employment, and that they would continue to support the colleges as a sound investment so long as the colleges turned out men they could use. In fact they loved us.

The last gold-plated executive was hardly seated when my colleagues were up all over the floor begging to know what they could do to turn out a better-suited product. The sheep! Had they elected the life of the mind only to nibble at the feet of the first golden tower they came upon? It was a pleasure to tell them they had disgraced themselves and to remind them that they had no duty to provide raw material for Republic Steel or Standard of New Jersey; that their one function was to lead students to the disciplined life of the mind for its own sake; that if corporations could then make use of men so humanized, let that fact be to the credit of the corporations; but that the faculty destroyed all it stood for when it thought of mechanizing students for readier passage through the employment office.

THAT abdication of responsibility, whether to corporate lures or to front office directive, has gone too far, and it has done so needlessly. An unreasonable dean can always be put in his place by a responsible faculty member.

Some years ago I received a reasonably standard nasty letter from a dean. "You will explain at once," it began. And it then went on to say that "to not keep adequate records is a grave matter."

I sent the letter back with a note saying its tone was unacceptable, that his request for information would have to be rewritten in a form acceptable to the consensus of a full faculty meeting, and that while he was rewriting, I should prefer that he not split infinitives.

The point was not bravado. I have had to write several such letters in my time and they were always written conscientiously. The point is that the dean always becomes a dear good fellow when he writes again. He is always sure that I must have misunderstood his intention, that certainly there is no need to burden the agenda of the faculty meeting, and that he is, of course, delighted to extend all due apologies.

And the point behind the point is the fact that our faculties, in all but the most depraved institutions, still have the power—if they will demand it and exercise it. Our colleges will be measurably better the day deans become the clerical servants of the faculty. A faculty incapable of self-determination is incapable of governing a classroom dedicated to the discipline of mind in good order. —JOHN CIARDI.

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Continued from page 19

sionate desire and resolve was the same on both sides. This is important. In a psychologically favorable atmosphere the steps to be taken become details. Details? Banning bomb tests a detail?—the functioning of the U.N. a detail?—the question of admission of China to the U.N., who did what first, moral responsibility and political expediency, and each state tending to interpret "peace" to its own advantage, a tool in the Cold War—details? Immense; but details all the same compared to the overriding goal, and as such possible of solution in order that the overriding goal be kept possible of attainment.

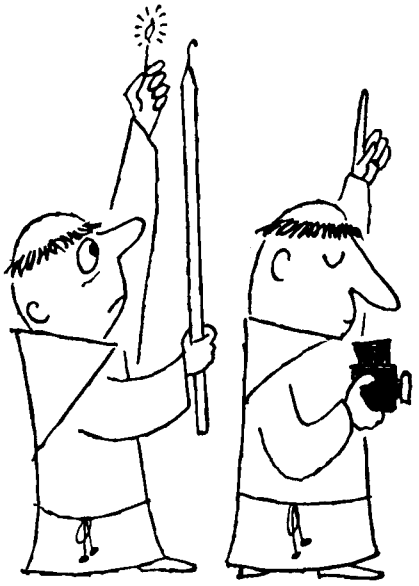
Later, in perspective, I could not pinpoint what had been accomplished. There was a sense of frustration because *more* had not been accomplished. True, we agreed on a statement which supported the "Joint Statement of Agreed Principles for Disarmament Negotiations" presented to the U.N. by Ambassadors Zorin and Stevenson, a historic document. These principles ensure that "disarmament is general and complete accompanied by . . . procedures . . . for the peaceful settlement of disputes," "states will have at their disposal only . . . facilities and establishments . . . necessary to maintain internal order . . . states shall support . . . a U.N. peace force," "disarmament measures should be . . . under . . . effective international control," "to implement . . . inspection . . . an International Disarmament Organization . . . be created within . . . the U.N.," etc. The conference statement repeated these principles, adding the recommendation that mainland China be seated in the U.N. It made recommendations to negotiate a test-ban treaty and to initiate an agreement on disarmament. It urged that problems involving Germany be resolved by negotiations. It listed a number of further recommendations, as, for instance, an increase of joint cultural and scientific projects. Such a good-will program does not of course come to grips with vital problems such as the Soviet stand, voiced by their women, on total and complete disarmament, versus the Americans' emphasis on practical first steps and peace-keeping machinery; during discussions it had been suggested that a method that would combine both techniques might be the solution. There was agreement on the recommendation to establish under international auspices a research center devoted to problems of peace.

Was this all?—for we felt that the week that we had experienced would extend beyond the personal participants. When we parted there was a spontaneous unanimous cry around the table: *Myr y Druzba,* Peace and Friendship.

It is important that there be more such conferences. They would help to create that psychological atmosphere which is the first step toward the security of mankind.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 9, 12, 18, 16, 11, 7 or 8, 8 or 7, 2, 17, 14, 1, 19, 13, 10, 5, 20, 6, 15, 3.



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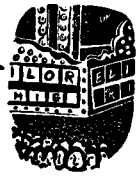


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Academy Does It Again

HOLLYWOOD.

JUST about this time every year a strange madness seizes Hollywood. The trade papers are suddenly ablaze with blurbs singing the praises of this film, that star, or the title song from a recent movie. Western Union carries countless wires urging the recipients to recall their delight at a certain supporting role, or in the color photography of still another picture. Beverly Hills postmen stagger under loads of phonograph recordings, sound track albums that might influence a vote here or change one there. The Academy Award sweepstakes are being run again—this year for the thirty-fourth time—and the methods used to plug the favorites would make a Tammany block captain blush.

But amidst all the fanfare, jockeying, and maneuvering comes a sobering thought, this year as every year. Do the five pictures nominated in each of some twenty-one categories really constitute a "best," or do they rather represent a vast intra-industry popularity contest in which absolute values are subordinate to personal preferences—and influenced votes? To be sure, one cannot quarrel with the all too human penchant for playing favorites; but since an avowed purpose of the Academy is that of "encouraging the arts and sciences of the profession by . . . awards of merit for distinctive achievement," the present system would seem to leave a great deal to be desired.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the "best foreign language film" category. Here the countries are invited to submit a film that has been released (although not necessarily in the United States) within the year. Pictures are then screened by a committee chosen by the Academy, and the five that win the most votes within that committee are then submitted to the entire membership for the final voting. The hitch is, obviously, in the constituency of the original committee. This is the group that, a few years ago, rejected Ingmar Bergman. This year it has distinguished itself again by failing to nominate either "Last Year at Marienbad" or Antonioni's "The Night," despite the accolades bestowed upon both in the great European festivals—and, more tellingly, despite the fact that both are clearly among the most significant artistic achievements of the past year. Or for that matter, of the past dozen years. But Bergman's "Through a Glass Darkly" was nominated this time. Perhaps five years from now, the Academy will also be ready for Resnais and Antonioni.

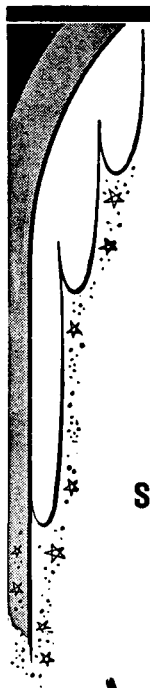
Turning to the five "best motion pictures" chosen to represent what was admittedly no banner year, one is struck by the frivolity of the selections. "Fanny" was pretty and sentimental—a musical comedy without music; "Guns of Navarone" was a big, box-officey adventure story. Lost in the shuffle were films like "The Innocents," "L'Avventura," and "La Dolce Vita" (although, by some quirk of illogic, the latter turns up on the list of best *directed* pictures for 1961).

IF the Academy, some 2,600 strong, votes *en masse* for the best picture (with the inevitable confusions of democracy), the remaining categories are entrusted to the specialists. The actors nominate the best actor, the editors nominate the best editing, the song writers the best song; the top five named by each branch of the Academy go on the ballot, to be voted upon by the entire Academy membership for the grand finale on April 9. But again one is aware of strange discrepancies, a tendency to confuse a popular picture with a specific contribution. "Fanny," for example, though heavy and overly long, received an editing nomination, while Marjorie Fowler's skilled efforts to hold together the less successful "Outsider" went unnoticed. And could the brilliantly effective cutting of "The Hustler" have been passed over because it was done by an *auslander*, a New Yorker?

The actors, also concentrating on popular pictures, forgot Poitier in "Raisin in the Sun," John Mills in "Tunes of Glory," Albert Finney in "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning"—even the late Clark Gable's fine performance in "The Misfits." Arthur Miller's original screenplay for the latter also failed to win a nomination, although "Lover Come Back" made the list. The witty and stylish costumes of "Breakfast at Tiffany's" are missing, but not the blatant, unimaginative costumes of "Babes in Toyland." And, as if part of some supreme jest, Kurosawa's "Yojimbo" is down for "best achievement in black-and-white costume design"—only!

The sweepstakes are on, so place your bets. But don't expect anyone to take the Academy Awards seriously. Not outside of Hollywood, anyway.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The On-Brechtian Theatre

A PLAYWRIGHT is really to be judged on the ability of his writing to come alive in a theatre. His theories, his original conceptions, his careful construction, his beautiful poetry may be precious in themselves, but in the theatre they are worthless unless someone makes them work on a stage in front of people.

Since in the theatre things often succeed for the wrong reasons, the wise director and translator is the one who best knows the limitations of his actors and the temper of his audience. Thus it was that until Marc Blitzstein's very free adaptation of "The Threepenny Opera," the translated plays of Bertolt Brecht never enjoyed any popular success in New York.

Now Brecht is having his second smash hit, not with one of his major works, but with an off-Broadway evening titled **"Brecht on Brecht,"** which the distinguished playwright George Tabori has pasted together out of scraps of Brecht's writing and scratchy tape recordings of the late playwright singing and talking. These scraps, translated by Mr. Tabori and others, and delivered by six performers in mufti, occasionally give us flashes of Brecht's true and enigmatic personality, but primarily they are excerpts that these performers can make emotionally stirring or sharply humorous with effective variety.

The production's greatest asset is Lotte Lenya, who knew Brecht well enough to perform him without awe. Miss Lenya appears to have no more acting technique than a girl who gets up to sing at a party. But her capacity for zest in performance is unsurpassed in our theatre. With her, songs do not seem chores, but joyous opportunities for rediscovery of wonder and truth. Even as the demented scrubwoman who sings her paranoiac revenge upon society in "Black Freighter," Miss Lenya gives us the full flavor of the sadness behind the hatred, rather than pathological or sociological pathos.

The others in the cast have their moments, too, though not very Brechtian ones. There is Viveca Lindfors as a Jewish wife leaving Nazi Germany and showing us her self-pity by fighting it back; George Voscovec as her dutiful non-Jewish husband drawing a nice portrait of an intellectual giant trying to delude himself that he is not, as most humans are, a moral pygmy; Anne Jackson's narration of an infanticide which is eloquent in direct proportion to the restraint of sentimental moralizing with which she is able to tell it; Dane Clark's humorous description of a minor actor taking major pains choosing the right hat for a small role; and Michael Wager's amusing air of self-revelation as he sings of the comic futility of remaining an "eternal student."

Inevitably, some of the selections miss being in their full context, and suffer from their lack of dramatic urgency. And while director Gene Frankel has carpentered the procedings tightly, there is no demonstration of the kind of directorial genius that many consider Brecht's most important achievement. Furthermore, one asks himself if the sort of extroverted individual performance Joseph Buloff is currently giving in "A Chekhov Sketchbook" might not be more appropriate, and if this kind of program is not indeed an insufficient substitute for the real thing. On the other hand, perhaps this unambitious and relaxed style of presentation is needed to disarm a potentially hostile audience, and Miss Lenya's performance alone is worth the price of admission.

Off Off-Broadway at Brooklyn College's Gershwin Theatre, Eric Bentley, who as a critic has done more for Brecht than anyone (see his introduction to the newly published "Seven Plays by Bertolt Brecht"), recently presented **"An Evening of Brecht."** With gritty determination Mr. Bentley amazed and delighted his audience by playing Brecht songs on both organ and piano, and singing them not only well but with an unequivocal ferocity that was in itself dramatic and emotionally charged. His comments between songs were surprisingly nonacademic and gently humorous, suggesting perhaps that Mr. Bentley is coming to understand Brecht, now that Martin Esslin has explained him to him.

—HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

An End to Laissez-Faire?

CHAIRMAN NEWTON N. MINOW and his six associates on the FCC are presumably pondering a most important decision: Should they affirm or reverse the order of one of the regulatory agency's hearing examiners in the significant Palmetto Broadcasting Company case (WDKD, Kingstree, South Carolina). As reported here (*SR*, July 1, 1961), the commission had some doubts about renewing the small radio station's license last year, and it directed that a hearing be held locally in the agricultural community. Initially, the issue was whether or not E. G. Robinson, Jr., owner of WDKD, had permitted a disc jockey to broadcast, over a period of years, "coarse, vulgar, suggestive, indecent, double-meaning" program material. After FCC field investigations, other issues were added which questioned the applicant's "lack of candor and misrepresentation of fact," "adequate control and supervision of programs," and the manner in which he had met the needs of his community. The hearings were held last spring; and recently the initial decision of Thomas H. Donahue, the hearing examiner, was released to the public. He found that in the WDKD record there had indeed been program smut, misrepresentation, "execrable judgment," "horrendous over-commercialization," "character deficiency and bad past operation."

There were witnesses at the hearing for and against Mr. Robinson on the smut issue. He was stoutly supported by leading businessmen, local officials, and a few schoolmen on the issue of "meeting the needs of the community." The licensee was personally repentant, and promised to do better if his application for renewal were granted. The hearing examiner opined that, apart from the obscenity lapse, the station owner (who also runs two farms and a liquor store) was "not a venal man . . . or a congenital liar" but "typical of a type of American businessman . . . with financial success as his goal." In arriving at his decision the examiner sympathetically presented a battery of arguments which could have rationalized a "conditional renewal" of the applicant's license. Nevertheless, at the end of his merciful trail of reasoning, Mr. Donahue found no alternative but to order Mr. Robinson's application for renewal denied. He predicted that if the seven commissioners should affirm his decision, the broadcasting industry would interpret their action as "one of a series of events signalizing abandonment by the commission of a laissez-faire policy of regulation in the field of programming. . . ."

Strong voices in the trade have expressed the hope that the FCC will affirm. They would invite a crucial test in the courts of the issues involved—whether broadcasting comes under the First Amendment; whether the obscenity test for TV should be different from related tests for print and films; and whether the commission has the right to set broad program standards. The FCC ought to affirm the order and welcome the court review. Most informed observers think the Palmetto ruling would stand in the courts and that it would indeed signal a new regulatory era in broadcasting. It would indicate, among other things, that the meeting of local audience desires by a broadcaster is not an exclusive criterion for public service. Local sentiment, Mr. Donahue suggests in his decision, may be "placed in the scales with national interest and found wanting." Paternalism, it will be argued in the trade, is the correct name for this regulatory philosophy—but it should be remembered that the broadcasting system in this country is based on social responsibility *privately* defined and *voluntarily* accepted by the broadcasters.

The broadcasting woods (especially radio) are full of operators who are not necessarily "venal," but whose level of sophistication, at the controls of powerful communications forces, is almost illiterate. They are broadcasters in name only and not in the spirit of professionalism. Some operate stations as tax losses or they buy and sell them for quick turnover. Examiner Donahue commented: "The Commission is not in the business of reforming the morals of American businessmen." The industry, however, has some stake in such reform; and perhaps through its National Association of Broadcasters it can intensify self-educational measures leading, among *all* broadcasters, to "a more intelligent understanding and discerning application of the spirit of the law. . . ." Mr. Robinson's personal loss might then become the industry's collective gain—an irony but nonetheless a public service.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Brahms by Cliburn—Debuts of Nureyev, Chookasian

VAN CLIBURN entered what might be hopefully described as Phase 3 of his New York career with a recent series of performances of the Brahms B flat Concerto with the New York Philharmonic under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein. The first was the honorable if rather unrewarding time in the aftermath of his debut; the second the much more rewarding if sometimes less honorable aftermath of his celebrated foreign success. Now, it would seem, he has settled into a stride in which honors and rewards should be about equal, enabling him (to cite his own words) to be a success as well as a sensation.

To be sure, Cliburn could never, post-Moscow, have become "just another pianist," any more than Menuhin could become "just another violinist." Destiny has marked each for her own, in their different ways. But there were some suggestions in his Brahms that Cliburn is on the way to becoming another pianist than he was. There has been a settling in, a squaring away, that have, as well as reducing tension, promoted greater freedom and more relaxation.

The particular work had a part in this result, for what are normally considered its difficulties are in accord with his strengths, and its voice speaks with a diction to which he responds naturally and without strain. He commands without stress the big sound it demands, his hands encompass its clusters of chords as easily as they might a basketball, and his feeling for melody responds to its long rising and falling curves like a bird dog on a scent. Now and then, to extend the analogy, the quarry takes wing through some thickets with which he is not yet quite familiar, but he always brings it into view (or hearing) again. Such beauty of sound as he commanded in the slow movement, and his inclination to "play along" rather than always dominating the orchestra, are among the unteachables which come naturally only to the elect.

As conductor, Wallenstein had not only a consistent but also a considerable part in this result. He wasn't aided by the kind of free-flowing, articulate horn sound that some players provide for the important solos of the first movement, but there were compensating values of other sorts. The all-Brahms program included a rousing performance of the "Academic Festival" overture and a soundly traditional playing of the Third Symphony.

Rudolf Nureyev, the young Soviet ballet dancer who was on his way to this country (via Paris and London) with the Leningrad Kirov troupe last summer when he chose political asylum in France, finally reached a New York stage in mid-March. This was not one of the major halls in the Times Square district, but across the river in Brooklyn, where he was an added inducement to ballet fans who might not have otherwise ventured a trip to the Academy of Music to see Ruth Page's Chicago Opera Ballet perform danced versions of "Camille" (to Verdi's "Traviata" music) and "Fledermaus." If he doubled the attendance, he certainly quadrupled the interest of the evening, though he was in action barely twelve minutes in the showy pas de deux from "Don Quixote" (with the Minkus music).

It would have been worth the visit merely to observe Nureyev walk around the stage, for he presents an idyllic combination of beguiling youth and perfectly proportioned physique. Rather slight and with a disorderly mop of chestnut hair which crowns a distinctly Slavic face, Nureyev has immense elasticity in his muscular but perfectly proportioned thighs and legs. Also, for purposes of partnering, he has deceptive strength in his slender arms and torso, enabling him to lift and carry with ease his partner, Sonia Arova—and she is of the substantial ballerina breed.

His part of the variations—which was related to the Spanish subject only through the bolero jacket he wore—provided a swift survey of agile floor work and floating air turns, leaps, pirouettes, and entrechats, as index to a virtuosity as effortless as it was eye-filling. Since the choreography was attributed to "Nureyev, after Marius Petipa," he doubtless did most of what he does best. But his brio, elegance and discipline haven't been matched since the early days of Igor Youskevitch—who, good as he then was, couldn't match the youthful air of detachment, almost disdain, with which Nureyev surmounted difficulties. He should be seen soon again, in a role where characterization would be an added challenge for discipline.

To the credit of Arova (a Bulgarian-born dancer new here), interest was not absent when Nureyev was. Her first solo followed a boisterous demonstration for his initial exhibition, but she won honors on her own for the strength of her technique, the brilliantly executed steps on point diagonally across the stage. She also was Camille in the preceding "Traviata" in mime, with Kenneth Johnson as Armand-Alfredo.

GIVEN a broad enough experience of opera-going, there should be, someplace or other, a touchstone of comparison for almost any standard, or semi-standard, work of the repertory. But, for me, "almost any" is the covering clause for Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," of which the latest offering in the Metropolitan did not come any closer to a paragon than its predecessors in three decades.

For a while, in Act I, there was a prospect of something more than ordinary (though even the most optimistic would hardly hope for the extraordinary). The venerable scenery (new in

(*Continued on page* 55)

Lines Inscribed in a Volume of Henry James

Found in Coolville, Ohio

By Ernest Kroll

JAMES lacked the stinger of Bierce,
Who instinctively knew where to pierce.
Bierce, with his talent for names,
Would have been useful to James,
Would have riposted the quote
Of the local critic who wrote
On a leaf of *The Wings of the Dove*
"This wouldn't interest a goat"
With a quote of his own: "I concede it,
If a goat attempted to read it."

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ATLASES REVISITED

By RICHARD EDES HARRISON, *author of "Look at the World," and cartographer who specializes in topographic relief and the reviewing of atlases.*

THE THREE years since we last looked at atlases (*SR*, March 21, 1959) have seen greater changes than in the previous decade. There are the normal revisions after a census but more significant is that the disintegration of colonialism has accelerated into its final stages. A map of Africa, showing the old line-up of colonies, is a dead giveaway unless it is in a historical atlas. Of the thirty-three atlases reviewed here in 1959 most have been revised pretty satisfactorily, and it is significant that all ten of the unrevised ones are of foreign origin. Our big domestic companies, Rand McNally and Hammond, have shown commendable zeal in completely revamping their lines so that all of their numerous hard-cover atlases are dated 1961 and include the major international changes. In Europe they are slower but we have learned that several of their atlases are now being revised, including the "Atlas Mira."

There is considerable evidence that the atlas field will continue to change actively in the next few years. At least three companies in Europe are planning to issue brand new atlases of the largest size. American publishers are angling for the U.S. rights to various European works, which, in some cases, will be re-tailored to fit our geographical and language requirements, fancied or real.

The present situation is embodied in the **chart** on the next two pages. As before, the listing is by no means complete but it contains most of the domestic atlases as well as a representative selection of European works. Note that there are two additional columns in the present chart: "Weight," which requires no explanation, and ★"Balance," which is, of necessity, an abbreviation for "balance of coverage," *i.e.*, the fair allocation of space to maps on a world-wide basis. Since we are considering world atlases only, this is a most important criterion. Nations understandably allot more coverage to their own country. In Europe, where most nations are of medium or small size, this offers no great disadvantage but in the United States we tend to cover our own land at such favorable scales that the rest of the world is seriously underemphasized. This can only lead to grave misconceptions of geography. How many of our readers are aware for example that that "skinny little country," Chile, is substantially larger than Texas? Many of our ..lases give a full page to Rhode Island, which is tantamount to a page for the tiny country of Luxembourg. One of our top-price atlases devotes 74 per cent of its space to the U.S. and the rest of the world is squeezed into the remaining 26 per cent.

Only one American-designed entry rates "A" on balance —the ★**"Goode's World Atlas,"** published by Rand McNally. It is interesting that this volume, created forty years ago by a sapient old professor, follows almost exactly the same internal arrangement in its eleventh edition. I believe it is no accident that this work has shown far more durability than any of Rand McNally's other atlases with the single and rather special exception of the huge **"Commercial Atlas and Marketing Guide"** (of which more later).

Another change occurs in the column ★"Total Pages." Here we have subtracted the pages in the index from the cover-to-cover totals to give a more direct indication of the number of pages devoted to non-map material. The variety and extent of this is astonishing—an American phenomenon which, alas, is catching on in Europe. It seems to me that a proper—and the only desirable—atlas is one that contains an integrated collection of maps and no other material unless it contributes directly to the use and understanding of the maps. Thus, in addition to the regular front matter (title page, table of contents, foreword, etc.) and the index, one might admit a table of geographical equivalents, a two-page round-up of major world comparisons, and little else. Too many atlases today contain gazetteers, pseudo-gazetteers, photo sections, globe photos, encyclopedic sections on the nations, diagrams explaining all sorts of things from drumlins to interplanetary vehicles, and statistics unlimited.

It is well-nigh a physical impossibility to incorporate an adequate gazetteer in a household atlas. Even a smallish one like the "Macmillan World Gazetteer" has only 16,500 entries yet runs to 793 pages! Obviously, any gazetteer included in an atlas is going to be pretty skimpy. Photographs are likewise out of place in an atlas; one cannot afford the space to give a country more than a superficial sampling of views. A major feature of the "Life Pictorial Atlas" is its photographs, and yet they only average about one per country. It might be possible to do justice to San Marino or Liechtenstein with a single picture but when one tries to represent China or India with one view, the effort cannot be taken seriously. More particularly when the editor thinks the way to represent modern China is with that ineffable piece of geographical corn—the Great Chinese Wall! Statistics are also out of place in an atlas unless they consist only of simple and comparatively immutable comparisons like the lengths of rivers, or you are prepared to buy a new atlas every two or three years. There is nothing useful or attractive about out-of-date statistics, and it is much better to get them fresh from the "World Almanac." How nice it would be to have the stores carry atlases that are really atlases, gazetteers that are true gazetteers, and picture books that are really picture books, uncluttered by map sections.

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General Reference Atlases

PRICE	★	TITLE *further comment on page 40*	PUBLISHER *or American Agent*	DATE	SIZE *in inches*	WEIGHT lbs.-oz.	TOTAL PAGES★
$125.00		The Times Atlas of the World	Houghton Mifflin	1955-60	12½x19¾	45- 0	318
★		Atlante Internazionale	Touring Club Italiano, Milano	1961	13⅜x19¾	17- 8	187
★		Atlas Mira	M.V.D., Moscow, USSR	1954	13¼x20	14- 8	296
30.00		Life Pictorial Atlas of the World	Time, Inc., Rand McNally & Co.	1961	10½x14	8- 0	439
29.50		Encyclopaedia Britannica World Atlas	Wm. Benton; Encyclopaedia Brit.	1961	11⅛x15	6- 8	460
ca.23.00	★	Der Grosse Bertelsmann Weltatlas	C. Bertelsmann Verlag, W. Germany	1961	9¾x12¾	4- 9	152
15.00		Ambassador World Atlas, 2nd Edition	C. S. Hammond & Co.	1961	10½x14½	7- 0	223
13.75		The Oxford Atlas	Oxford University Press	1957	10½x15¼	4- 0	122
11.95		International World Atlas (new)	Rand McNally & Co.	1961	11½x14½	5- 8	188
11.50		Bartholomew's Advanced Atlas, 6th Ed.	Oliver & Boyd; McGraw-Hill	1962	10¼x15	3- 3	112
9.95	★	Goode's World Atlas, 11th Edition	Rand McNally & Co.	1960	9¾x11½	2-10	184
9.95		Diplomat World Atlas	C. S. Hammond & Co.	1961	10½x14½	5- 0	217
9.00		World Atlas	Prentice-Hall	1958	8¾x12½	2- 0	100
7.50		University Atlas	Denoyer-Geppert (Geo. Philip & Son)	1958	9 x11¼	2- 8	200
6.95		Library World Atlas	C. S. Hammond & Co.	1961	9¾x12½	3- 9	244
6.95		Collegiate World Atlas	Rand McNally & Co.	1961	7¼x10¾	2-14	322
6.75		Geograficheskii Atlas (for high schools)	M.V.D., Moscow, USSR	1954	10¾x15	3-13	163
5.95		Complete World Atlas	C. S. Hammond & Co.	1961	6½x 9½	2- 0	214
5.50		Atlas für Höherer Lehranstalten-Wenschow	Denoyer-Geppert	1950	9½x13¾	1-13	109
4.95		Universal World Atlas	C. S. Hammond & Co.	1961	9¾x12½	2-11	157
4.95		Reader's World Atlas	Rand McNally & Co.	1961	7¼x10¾	2- 0	206
3.85		New Illustrated Atlas of the World	Odham's Press, Ltd., London	1957	9 x11	2- 0	144
3.40		Oxford Home Atlas of the World	Oxford University Press	1960	7¾x10¼	1- 4	124
2.95		Penguin Atlas of the World	Penguin Books, Ltd., London	1956	5¾x 8¼	-10	98
2.95		New International World Atlas	C. S. Hammond & Co.	1961	9¾x12½	2- 0	105
2.25		Weltatlas-Wenschow	Denoyer-Geppert	1948	9½x13½	1-13	33
1.95		Worldmaster Atlas	Rand McNally & Co.	1961	6¾x10½	1- 8	152
1.95	★	Meridian Compact Atlas of the World	John Bartholomew, Edinburgh	1961	4½x 7	- 6	144
1.95	★	World Atlas	Barnes & Noble	1960	5 x 7½	- 5	94
.98	★	Atlas of the World	D. Van Nostrand & Co.	1961	4½x 7	- 8	188
.75	★	Hammond-Dell World Atlas	Dell Publishing Co.	1960	4¼x 6½	- 4½	246
.69		Modern World Atlas	C. S. Hammond & Co.	1961	9½x12¼	- 6½	48
.50		Hammond's Comparative Atlas	C. S. Hammond & Co.	1960	9½x12¼	- 5	48
rental	★	Commercial Atlas & Marketing Guide	Rand McNally & Co. (93rd Ed.)	1962	15¼x20¾	19- 8	400

Historical Atlases and Gazetteers

12.50	Historical Atlas (Shepherd's)	Barnes & Noble	1956	7¼x10½	2-8	248
7.50	Historical Atlas of the World (Muir's)	Denoyer-Geppert	1958	9 x11		—
6.95	Atlas of World History	Rand McNally & Co.	1957	7 x10½	1-14	180
4.95	March of Civilization	C. S. Hammond & Co.	1959	9½x12½	2- 2	146
65.00	Columbia-Lippincott Gazetteer	Columbia University Press	1962	9 x12	6- 0	2148
6.95	World Gaz. & Geographical Dictionary	Macmillan	1961	5½x 8½	2- 8	793

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MAP PAGES	INDEX ENTRIES	METHOD OF SHOWING RELIEF	MAP QUALITY	BALANCE ★	Further comment
240	220,000	contours, layer tints	B+	A+	5 Vols. $25 ea. Sound, but not the most modern cartography.
173	250,000	hachures	A	A	Handsomely designed; noted for perfection of its hand-lettered maps. Index separate volume.
283	215,000	contours, layer tints	A	A+	Separate index—9x11½ out of print—but new edition in preparation.
272	75,000	"natural-color" relief	C–	C	Careless, meretricious i.e.,—gaudily and deceitfully ornamental.
186	82,000	hachures	B	C	R. McN. "Cosmo" maps; extensive gazetteer, statistical sections.
120	174,000	hill-shading, layer tints	A+	A–	New German work; precise execution; large index; highly recommended.
169	101,000	various methods	B–	C	84 more pages than 1958 edition. Improved African and Canadian coverage. 32½" x 49½" world map in pocket.
116	55,000	layer-tints	C+	B	British hand-lettered maps, mediocre.
135	84,000	various methods	B	C	"Cosmo" maps mainly; much improved coverage of Africa.
103	22,000	contours, layer-tints	B	B–	British; useful topical maps, well-produced; index weak.
159	30,000	contours, hill-shading	B+	A	Entirely redrawn maps on the original plan; inaccurate relief only weakness.
150	62,000	mainly hill-shading	B	C	New; mostly same maps as Ambassador; pictorial gazetteer.
96	16,000	layer-tints, hill-shading	A	A	Austrian work, beautifully designed and executed; re-edited for U.S.; weak index.
176	49,000	layer-tints	B–	B+	Printed in Britain; a compact, well-organized work; good buy.
116	58,000	mainly hill-shading	B–	C	Well-supplied with gazetteers, etc. special section on Canada.
178	27,000	mostly hachures	B	C–	Cosmo maps in regular book format; sketchy historical section.
156	22,000	contours, layer-tints	B+	C	Inexpensive look at good Russian work; strong in economic maps.
178	70,000	mainly hill-shading	B–	C	Regular book format; index after each map, 36-page pictorial gaz.
76	none	photos of models, in color	A–	C	Text in German, for high school & college; effective relief, no index.
116	48,000	mainly hill-shading	B–	C	Like Library Atlas but fewer world maps & statistics.
178	27,000	mostly hachures	B	C	Cosmo maps and practically no extraneous material, compact book format.
100	20,000	hill-shading	B–	B–	Maps by Geo. Philip. 32-page gravure picture section; good buy.
115	11,000	layer-tints, model photos	C+	C	13 pages on Great Britain and Ireland, 11 for the Americas.
79	15,000	hill-shading	B	B	Maps by Esselte, Sweden; neat job except for the primitive relief.
97	2,700	hill-shading	B–	C	Historical and geographical maps equally divided with separate indices.
33	none	photos of models, in color	A–	C	German; no index, but very effective relief based on excellent terrain models.
142	7,200	none	B	C	All maps except for 10-page gazetteer. Paper cover; hardbound edition $3.95.
128	7,300	hachures on a few maps	B–	B+	Paperback; many city maps; attractive.
64	9,500	none	C+	B–	Paperback, maps by George Philip & Sons; 29-page gazetteer.
70	15,500	none	B	B–	Paperback; maps by Elsevier, Amsterdam; gazetteer interspersed with maps well-organized; good buy.
63	1,200	none	B	B–	Paperback; legible maps; 3 kinds of gazetteer, but still a good buy for the money.
43	1,400	hill-shading (weak)	B–	B	Paper cover; 3-page gazetteer, otherwise all maps; relatively strong on Europe.
43	1,300	some contour, layer-tints	B–	B	Paper cover; excellent beginner's atlas.
218	178,000	hachures	B–	—	Most exhaustive coverage of U.S., well-indexed. World section—"Cosmo" maps. Rental $55 per year.
225	28,000				The leading historical atlas since 1911. Original plates destroyed in World War II reconstructed. Postwar maps by Hammond.
96	14,000				Note 129 fewer map pages than above. School version available, 55 pages of maps $3.25.
130	7,300				Edited by R. R. Palmer. Neat cartography, but rather weak in color; good buy.
144	none				A synthesis of four sections: 1. Atlas of Bible Lands; 2. History of Western Civilization; 3. American History; 4. Races of Mankind.
one	170,000				New printing in March. 32-page supplement. Useful work marred by failure to adopt proper geographic spellings.
one	16,500				Useful index of alternate spellings; the 1961 printing incorporates slight changes from edition of 1957.

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Cross Reference to Chart

★**ATLANTE INTERNAZIONALE, T.C.I.:** This fine atlas is not regularly carried in stock and dealers are vague about the price, but be prepared to pay about $100. The new edition of ★**ATLAS MIRA** is as yet unpriced but it will most likely be somewhat higher than the $55 asked by the Four Continent Book Corporation for the first edition.

★**DER GROSSE BERTELSMANN WELTATLAS:** It is a pleasure to welcome this fine newcomer; its design shows great thought, and the execution is well-nigh flawless. There is no padding in the book; besides the routine front-matter and index, it contains a 2,400-word table of *Geographische Begriffe* (geographical equivalents) and an eleven-page *Sprachenschlüssel* (key to languages), both useful and legitimate additions. Those who do not have a command of German will probably prefer to wait for a version in English, which is practically certain to come along in a year or two. Among the many good features of this atlas are: 1) an extraordinary number of index entries for an atlas in this price range and size, 2) the splendid, precisely registered printing, 3) the clarity and balance of the maps, 4) an ingenious solution to the problem of scale that enabled the designer to use the extraordinarily low total of only five scales for all the maps in the book (except those extra maps of Germany appearing in the German edition), and 5) a remarkable new binding which permits the book to lie open and flat without any urging and which uses no stitching. There are several features with which I do not find myself in agreement; first, every speck of type in the book outside of the maps is in sans-serif, neither attractive nor very legible; second, I wish the hill-shading (though quite good) were better, but in this department I tend to get hypercritical; third, the inclusion of a twenty-page Central European section, with its own index, at a much larger scale, made it impossible to give it a perfect mark under Balance.

★**INTERNATIONAL WORLD ATLAS:** This is a book, containing much the same material as the older "Cosmopolitan" but with new coverage of Africa. The "Cosmo" is being allowed to go out of print, its place being taken by the "Life Pictorial World Atlas."

★**MERIDIAN COMPACT ATLAS OF THE WORLD, WORLD ATLAS, ATLAS OF THE WORLD,** and the **HAMMOND-DELL WORLD ATLAS:** These are the paperbacks—newcomers and not discussed in 1959. An atlas of this size offers considerable difficulty in design, but these four all have their points as noted in the chart. The "Atlas of the World," printed in Netherlands, has the distinction of having more names in the index per dollar than any other atlas in the entire list.

★**COMMERCIAL ATLAS AND MARKETING GUIDE:** This remarkable volume is in its ninety-third year and is still the court of last resort on questions about U.S. communities. Where is Upper Turkeyfoot, Pa.? and, How many and what railroads serve Peoria, Ill.? can be answered readily with this atlas at hand. In the foreign map section the ancient wax-engraved maps have been replaced by "Cosmo" maps, and they look very well here as reproduced with a stronger blue for shorelines and rivers. The annual rental is still $55—pretty steep for the home but every office or institution interested in *where?* should have one.

A FINAL WORD: The great uncluttered atlases that stick so well to their geographical knitting are likely to be much too expensive for the average home. But the other atlases listed here, with one conspicuous exception, are all reasonable values and contain much accurate and useful information. In spite of our harsh words about their internal organization, American atlases maintain pretty high editorial standards, and horrible errors are rare. We are just waiting for a better day when the publishers free themselves from their psycho-economic determinism and produce the atlases of which they are capable. I am sure that we will purchase them in gratifying quantities.

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Fingertip Facts: From Apollodorus to Zanuck

By DAVID M. GLIXON, *of The George Macy Companies, who, as an editor and translator, confesses to being an inveterate chain-reader of reference books.*

BEFORE commenting on the various reference works to be covered in this noncomprehensive article—and they run the gamut from gambling to gastronomy—we must call your attention to a section of **"Guide to the Use of Books and Libraries"** (McGraw-Hill, hardbound, $3.95; paperback, $2.25). Here six charts compare the scope, arrangement, and special features of selected books in these fields: general dictionaries, encyclopedias, indexes (periodical, literature, technology, etc.), and biographical dictionaries (general, authors, art, music, etc.). Other comments on some of the analyzed titles appear in the body of the guide, prepared for collegians by Jean Key Gates.

It is our function to take up where Miss Gates's charts had to leave off. For example—to start with the field of general biography—new editions of two big and important British works have just come out: Volume V of **"Who Was Who 1951-1960"** (Macmillan, $17.50) puts the *finis* touch to the "Who's Who" biographies of notables who have died in the past decade. Since their last mail addresses have been considerately retained, Elliot Paul can presumably be reached c/o Random House, and Gabriel Pascal c/o RKO Studios. In this arbitrary Elysium, where Camus faces Cantelli, the stated recreations of the deceased are still listed. That of Sir Theodore Thomas, omnibus executive, was walking; Christopher Morley enjoyed "second-hand book-stores, whisky and plain water, swimming and cooking." For its period and area (heavily British), "Who Was Who" is an exhaustive compilation.

But most people would get far more use out of **"Chambers's Biographical Dictionary"** (St. Martin's Press, $15), which ranges all times and places. And in place of "Who's Who" baldness we have a significant commentary on each subject's life and achievements. Critiques of Sartre, O. Henry, Vivaldi, and Jackson Pollock; the expeditions of Marco Polo and Magellan (though not Lewis and Clark); the discoveries of Archimedes and Freud and Jonas Salk; the productions of Darryl Zanuck and Max Reinhardt— all find place in over 15,000 well-written biographies. Difficult names are pronounced. Via an ingenious subject index of 6,000 entries, one can locate authors through their books, painters through their pictures, historical personages through associated places and events, composers through their compositions, etc.; and if you can't think of his real name, you will locate the Gloomy Dean under Nicknames.

A narrower garden is cultivated with similar care in the equally large **"Dictionary of Catholic Biography"** by John J. Delaney and James Edward Tobin (Doubleday, $18.50). The living are excluded, but figures like John the Baptist, Pope Pius XII, Alfred E. Smith, and Alice Meynell receive more extended treatment than in Chambers. The appendix has a list of Patron Saints and a fourteen-page chart of the Popes and world rulers. In general usefulness for the Catholic area, though, the DCB does not compare with the **"National Catholic Almanac"** for 1962 (Doubleday, $2.95). In both you can learn that the patron saint of publicity agents is St. Bernardine of Siena, and of television workers St. Gabriel. But these 700 pages furnish a vast amount of practical information in dozens of features such as an extensive glossary, descriptive lists of famous Catholics, a classified book list, explanations of hierarchy and doctrine (including ethics, psychiatry, contraception, and surgery), news chronologies, and church history.

To wind up the compendia, we should mention that with its 1962 edition **Collier's Encyclopedia** (Crowell-Collier, $299.50 up), completing a general revision under way during the past few years, has increased its wordage by a third and been enlarged to twenty-four volumes. A high-school-age

"Me, too."

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and family reference work of great soundness and apparently endless scope, Collier's commands respect for both the quality of its writing and the brilliance of its illustrations (among which are multi-layered color transparencies for anatomical and engineering subjects). We are informed that presses were held on Volume 21 until Glenn's orbital flight could be included.

And now let's move down the hall to the Department of Language and Literature, and examine the new second editions of two reliable handbooks. **"Annals of English Literature"** (Oxford, $6) lists the more important books published in every year from 1475 to 1950, thereby spanning the field from the *"Gesta Romanorum"* to "The Cocktail Party," or—sticking to the marginal notations—from the birth of Michelangelo to the deaths of George Orwell and G. B. Shaw. For the margins yield fascinating data on miscellaneous events and publications, all casting light on the central annals, which list from thirty to fifty titles for each year. The comprehensive index, where each author is listed with his books, shows that Americans, understandably, had to pass somewhat more rigorous entrance exams than native Britons.

George Sampson's **"Concise Cambridge History of English Literature"** (Cambridge, $4.95)—like the fourteen-volume "Cambridge History," on which the work is based—constitutes a reading guide that represents a consensus on British and Irish works from the time of "Beowulf." The new edition has a chapter that extends the account through "The Age of T. S. Eliot," the novels of Greene, Waugh, and Cary, "1984," and the dramas of Fry. The paragraphs on Joyce are a gem, as is the description of Henry James "painfully explaining the farthest reaches of the obvious." Here are over a thousand pages of urbane commentary—a bargain at twice the price.

Hemingway's reported belief that "Across the River . . . " was his best novel is "of interest to the biographer but not to the critic," according to Cleanth Brooks. We quote from a description of "new criticism" in the article on Criticism in **"A Dictionary of Literary Terms"** (Little, Brown, paperback, $1.75). In another connection it quotes from Wilde: "The suspense is terrible. I hope it will last." The pleasant little volume avoids the choppiness of similar handbooks by discussing related (cross-referenced) terms in longer articles.

Of course, we can all identify Apollodorus: he was the mythologist of the second century B.C. Or was he a Greek painter of the time of Socrates? Oh yes, he was a playwright contemporary with Epicurus. Well, a good place to look up any of the three Greeks named Apollodorus would be **"The New Century Classical Handbook"** (Appleton Century-Crofts, $15), edited by Catherine B. Avery, who gives them half of one of her 2,324 generous and attractive columns. Apollo takes up eleven columns, and the Apollo Belvedere statue eighteen lines. The legendary Oedipus receives three columns, each of the plays of Sophocles on the subject four columns. How many columns supported the roof of the Parthenon? The answer is here, as well as the ground plan and a view of the Acropolis. Ancient Greek and Roman persons and places, nations and myths, literature and art, battles and festivals are clearly described in more than 6,000 entries, 200 illustrations, and endpaper maps.

For greater detail about the works of Plato and Aristotle—or, for that matter, those of Bergson, Mencius, Dewey, Abelard, Camus, Spinoza, or St. Thomas Aquinas — see the latest volume in Frank N. Magill's series of digests, which presents 200 **"Masterpieces of World Philosophy in Summary Form"** (Harper, $8.95). The

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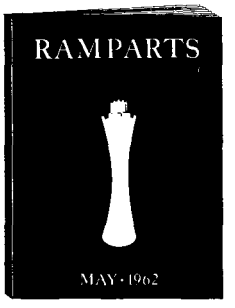

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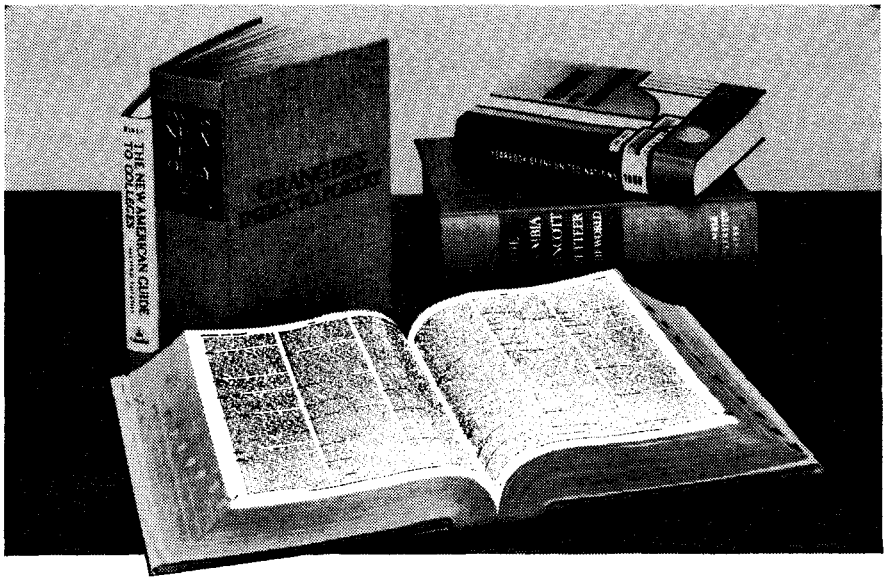
1,200-page volume begins with a glossary of philosophical terms. The analysis of each work is introduced with its date, a classifying phrase ("ethics," "existential metaphysics"), and a few paragraphs analyzing the "Principal Ideas Advanced." Under the editor's direction, Ph.D.s from numerous universities have deftly tapped the minds of the world's greatest thinkers.

In the 1961 roundup we mentioned that though **"The Penguin Dictionary of Quotations"** was compiled along rather conventional lines, its 12,000 squibs have a fresh look. Penguin offered it in stiff, laminated, red paper covers for $2.95; the same text is now available in slightly larger type, heavier paper, and clothbound (Atheneum, $7.95). For a more modest expenditure we suggest the **"Collins Gem Dictionary of Quotations"** (Collins, $1.25), in limp cloth, measuring only 3″x4½″x⅝″, yet containing 4,000 quotations, a topical index, and even a list of songs and hymns with their sources. Penguin includes Graham Greene and Stephen Potter. If Collins skips these and has fewer tags from Osborne, it has twice as many from Pound.

On the shelf with last year's epochal "Dictionary of American Slang" can now be placed the revised and enlarged fifth edition of Eric Partridge's **"Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English"** (Macmillan, $16), which fully defines words from all the Commonwealth nations, though only such American terms as have been naturalized in the mother country. The first 974 pages are from the vocabulary of the fifteenth to the early twentieth century; the 400-page supplement brings the work up to now; all usages are dated. The dictionary's vast coverage encompasses innocuous nicknames like "Big Ben," as well as quadriliterals so wicked that English law required the substitution of asterisks for the middle letters. The DSUE is monumental, scholarly, and rewarding.

But it takes more than definitions to make sense out of today's complex events, hence such political and historical books as these:

"Political Handbook of the World: 1962" (Harper, $4.95) is the thirty-fifth annual compilation by the Council on Foreign Relations. For the United Nations, Vatican City, and over eighty countries, arranged alphabetically, the book lists the size, population, leaders of executive and legislative branches, and details of the most influential newspapers; for many nations a summary of recent political events and an analysis of the political parties are added. Another thirty countries are listed with capsule data on each. The treatment is concise and so dis-



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passionate that we must take the description of Vatican City as "an absolutely neural state" to be a typographical error.

Similar information about thirty-six African countries not described in the Harper Handbook is given in the second half of **"Political Africa: A Who's Who of Personalities and Parties"** (Praeger, $12.50), together with deeper coverage of South Africa and several other nations; emphasis in this section is on political parties. The first half is given over to biographies of more than 400 political personalities. The author, Ronald Segal, a South African living perforce in London, is not dispassionate: he feels that "the domination of one race over another is wrong and stupid."

"Europe's Needs and Resources" (Twentieth Century Fund, $12) is a 1,200-page economic study of eighteen countries on this side of the Iron Curtain that are now enjoying the greatest prosperity in their history, and by 1970 stand to extend their gains another 55 per cent over 1955, which is taken as the base year. Massive chapters thoroughly explore population, manpower, education, health, transport, raw materials, technology, and other facets of economic development. Discussions in depth are supplemented by hundreds of tables and charts. For an understanding of all the implications of the Common Market, for example, one could hardly find a better sourcebook.

For the yonder side of the Iron Curtain we refer you to the **"McGraw-Hill Encyclopedia of Russia and the Soviet Union"** ($23.50), edited by Michael T. Florinsky of Columbia University—a comprehensive alphabetic treatment in 624 large-format, double-column pages. The ten and one-half page article on pre-Revolutionary history begins with the peoples Herodotus wrote about; Khrushchev is given the same wordage as Catherine the Great, and Pasternak's entry equals Turgenev's. Plant and animal life, economic development, the ballet, music, anti-Semitism, geography, space science (pre-Glenn), the Party, Trotskyism—these are among the 3,500 entries and 400 illustrations effectively covering what most of us might want to know about the country that has the largest *lebensraum* on our planet.

The story of our own nation is told in the new revised and enlarged edition of the **"Encyclopedia of American History"** (Harper, $8.50), edited by another Columbia professor, Richard B. Morris, and running to 840 two-column pages. The tripartite arrangement is not actually encyclopedic but, rather, chronological, with the final quarter (Part 3) given over to 400 concise biographies of notable Americans. Part 1, half the book, summarizes

"Yes! yes—go on, man! Did it work?"

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"...monumental..."
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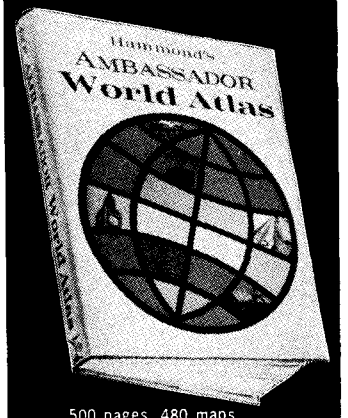
For Grad, Dad, June Bride—the Gift that keeps on Giving



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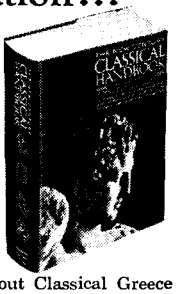

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events in a series of eras from prehistoric times. Part 2 provides the annals for various facets of our nonpolitical life, such as the arts and sciences, economy, religion, and health. The difficulties in using this hard-packed, almanac-like volume are partly alleviated by conscientious indexing and cross references.

It is a tiny corner of the globe indeed upon which the five-volume "**Illustrated World of the Bible Library**" (McGraw-Hill, Old Testament, 4 vols., $70; New Testament, 1 vol., $17.50; after June 1, $2.50 more per vol.). throws so illuminating a beam—Israel and, to a lesser extent, its neighbors. From Genesis to Revelation, the light plays over the successive books of the Bible, forcing some 1,500 verses out of obscurity. Each page quotes a verse or two, accompanied by the pictorial material and, in smaller type, commentary relating the text to the picture. The 8½"x11½" format permits the use of large, sharp, often breathtaking illustrations, one or more to the page and mostly in magnificent color. Vivid aerial photos, large-scale physical maps, reproductions of reliefs, seals, pottery, wall-paintings, scrolls, statues—depicting dancers, musicians, nobles, flora and fauna, soldiers, ships, chariots, markets, caves, wells—all help the ancient story come to life, thanks to the resourceful and imaginative research team at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. (But how much more useful the set would be with an index!)

Man has not been satisfied with the accounts in Genesis of the lands and the waters, the hills and fountains, and the brimstone and fire that terrorized the first humans. His findings, styled geology, paleontology, and prehistory, are made spectacularly accessible in the "**Larousse Encyclopedia of the Earth**" (Prometheus, $15). Here are explained the theories of the earth's formation and physical changes, the use of natural resources, the geologic eras, and the beginnings of life and art and industry. The 400 spacious pages of clear text and astonishing photos, richly reproduced in gravure, plus a score of color plates and a comprehensive index, add up to one of the most successful reference books of the crop.

WE come now to the *panem et circenses* section of our roundup. For "bread," you have your choice of loaves: the *boulot*, the polka, the split, the round, the tin (or pan), the Vienna, and half a dozen others. For descriptions of them, recipes, and a most informative article on bread, dip into Prosper Montagné's "**Larousse Gastronomique: The Encyclopedia of Food, Wine, and Cookery**" (Crown, $20). In a single dipping one can learn that after

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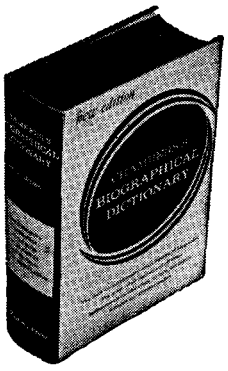

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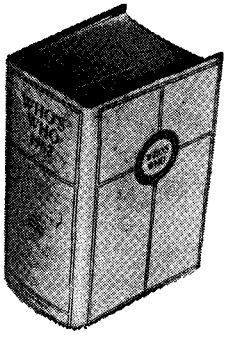

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the calf's head for the mock-turtle soup has been cooked and drained, its ears are cut off; that in France, sausages containing donkey meat must be so labeled; that dahlia tubers are edible; that since hemlock isn't very poisonous, Socrates's fatal drink was probably spiked; and that in the village of Camembert stands a statue of the woman who perfected the cheese (see the eight-page illustrated article on cheeses). Verses, anecdote, photos, color plates, maps, and tons of information enliven the 8,500 recipes in this 1,100-page, alphabetically arranged tribute to good living.

For sports, Roger Treat's **"Encyclopedia of Football"** (Barnes, $6.95) should answer the fans' questions on the professional side of the game; the big book covers statistics, players, history, rules, and much more. For college and high-school football, as well as pro, there's the even bigger **"Ronald Encyclopedia of Football"** (Ronald, $10), edited by Claassen and Boda.

"Most of the women crap players [who have been] observed playing Bank Craps are suckers for field bets." The rhythm system is a way to beat the slot machines. Belly strippers are cards trimmed for cheating. An undetectable way to speed up a slow nag is to dope it with adrenalin and Benzedrine before the race. Always watch an unfamiliar kibitzer. To lose the least cash at the casino, play Baccarat. If you can't gaff the fly, gaff the sugar. And if you want to know anything at all about gambling and the games and sports that make it possible, here's a sure-fire tip: **"Scarne's Complete Guide to Gambling"** (Simon & Schuster, $10) —700 pages of unholy revelation, complete with glossary and index.

Back to Parnassus! David Ewen has worked with Milton Cross on the revised edition of the latter's **"Encyclopedia of the Great Composers and Their Music"** (Doubleday, 2 vols., $5.95). For each of seventy-eight composers they have produced a biography (not quite as "exhaustive" as they claim, but sufficient for the purpose and full of the milkshake of human interest) as well as analytical notes (not too technical) on the music and representative compositions, including summaries of the chief operas. Brief descriptions of musical instruments, a list of recommended discs, and a glossary are other useful features. Perhaps not so deep as a well, the set is almost as wide as a church door, and 'twill serve very nicely as a remarkably inexpensive introduction to the leading composers from Bach to Barber.

In **"The Opera Companion"** (Dodd, Mead, $12.50), George Martin acts as a "guide for the casual operagoer." The guide himself is far from "casual," but his seriousness is marked by a lighthearted, realistic tone that is quite disarming. More than half of his 765 pages are devoted to lengthy synopses of forty-seven operas, with the gist of each aria, duet, etc., and a pronouncing glossary for each act. Other chapters cover the instruments and their use in various operas, the vocal and dance aspects, the history of opera, and basic Italian for operagoers. Here is a civilized introduction, and in a volume that is typographically attractive.

Units of the **"Encyclopedia of World Art"** (McGraw-Hill, 15 vols., $597 by subscription), launched over two years ago, appear at irregular intervals, each time astounding the beholder with a new Golconda of text (the first half of the volume) and pictures (the second half). By midsummer six units will have been issued; the latest, Volume IV, covers subjects from the Renaissance painter Francesco del Cossa to art inspired by *Eschatology,* or considerations of death and the after-life. Many of the articles on general subjects are definitive: the one on eschatology, which runs to forty-five of the book's large, well-filled columns, studies funerary customs in detail and accounts for twenty pages of black-and-white reproductions. Among the illustrations for *Enamels* are nine in full color, including a full-page Rouault. Since subjects inevitably overlap, Rembrandt

and Picasso are here represented under *Engravings,* and other Picassos can be found under *Cubism.*

The reference field is even broad enough to embrace, if a bit cautiously, what might be called humor. "It took me ten years," an author recalls in **"The Joey Adams Joke Dictionary"** (Citadel, $4.95), "to discover that I had no talent for writing literature." "And you gave it up?" inquires his interlocutor. "Oh, no—by that time I was famous."

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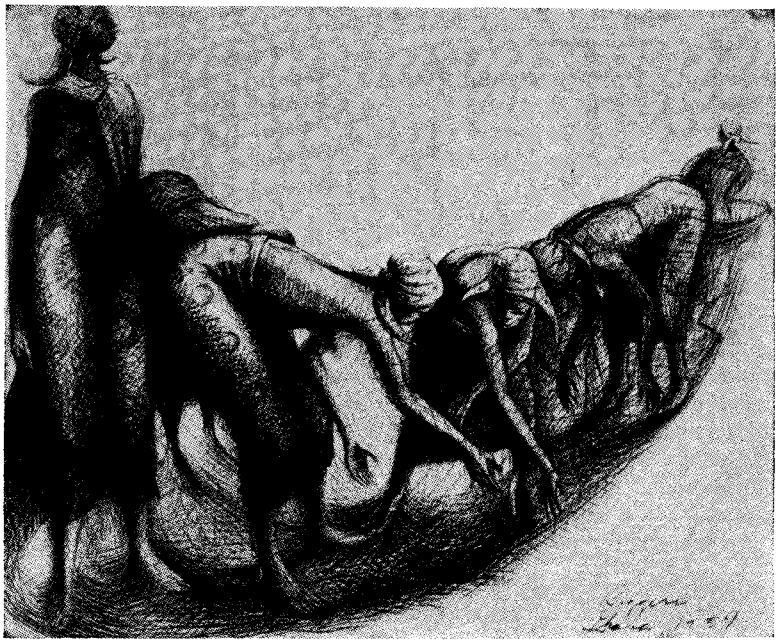
ANANSE THE SPIDER, hero of West African folklore, who has received from God the meaning of order and outwits all the other forest creatures, gives his name to **"Ananse: The Web of Life in Africa,"** by John Biggers (University of Texas Press, $7.50). Dr. Biggers, in pursuit of a "lifelong desire to bridge the gap between African and American Negro culture," traveled on a UNESCO fellowship to the continent from which his ancestors were taken by force 300 years ago. He portrays in drawings and a moving text the lost heritage he rediscovered there.

Above: Patrick Hulede, professor at College of Technology, Kumasi, Ghana.

Left: Nigerian queen mother—arbiter and legal adviser on family problems.

Below: Cooperation — Ghana village women working together.



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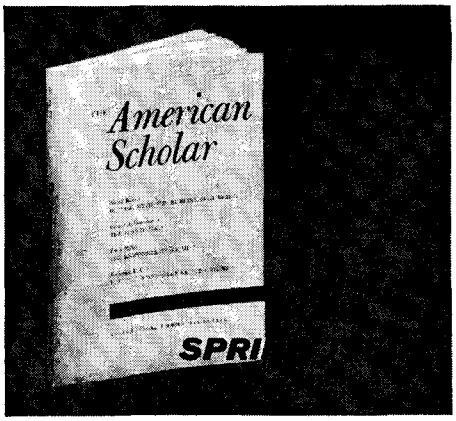

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Questions, Answers, and More Questions

—From "The ABC Hunt."

By ALICE DALGLIESH

"The Elephant's Child with his insistent 'I want to know' is the symbol for every child in the world. Indeed he is the symbol for the whole progress of mankind."—Roma Gans in "Compton's Encyclopedia," 1957 edition.

IF YOU can think back that far, you will remember also that when Kipling's Elephant's Child asked too many questions his relatives spanked him. I saw this little drama enacted by a mother and child not long ago, in a doctor's waiting room. The child was between two-and-a-half and three, and was the patient. He had a picture magazine and put his finger on each boat and each car in it, asking, "*Why* boat?" "*Why* car?" The simplest answer would have satisfied him, but his mother, who was reading another magazine, said: "If you don't stop that I'll spank you, right here in the doctor's office." He did not ask again, but he still put his finger, wordlessly, on each boat and each car. It's hard to see such a young, questing mind struggle—and almost give up.

The beginning of knowledge—science, research, and, in the case of that boy, classification—is asking questions and finding answers. Factual or reference books answer questions in several different ways. The most efficient are those that carry curiosity farther, that suggest more questions or include, when possible, experiments to prove the answers. Many of our children's books are now of this type.

Before a child can efficiently use reference sources—the dictionary, the encyclopedia, the card catalogue at the library—he needs certain tools, and one of them is ridiculously simple—the alphabet *in sequence*. Small children enjoy placing things in sequence; why not give them the alphabet when it is most easily learned? I've just been talking to a librarian in the New York Central Children's Room, and she tells me that elementary schoolchildren aren't much more efficient about using the card catalogue or an index than they were a few years ago. She added that some parents come and use the card catalogue *for* their children, and even do their homework while the children look on passively.

Why not teach the alphabet? It won't interfere with reading (it may even help). I learned my alphabet from ABC blocks when I was between three and four, and it didn't harm me in the least! I notice that alphabet books are coming back in considerable numbers, but many of them try to be "arty" or "different" and obscure the very thing they are trying to teach. Probably the most sensible of last year's alphabet books was **"The ABC Hunt,"** by Isabel Gordon (Viking, $2.50), because it uses real situations, beginning with the children finding A in Alphabet Soup. A good feature is that as each letter is presented it appears in sequence at the top or bottom of the page until the alphabet is completed. Although a few of the words in the pictures need to be clearer, this little book should stimulate a hunt for letters and words all over the place.

An alphabet book can be both artistic and clear; one of the most successful, published years ago, is **"The ABC Book,"** by C. B. Falls (Doubleday, $2.50); another is **"The ABC Bunny"** by Wanda Gág (Coward-McCann, $3). It seems to me that books of this type are more useful if they include both upper- and lower-case letters; D is not the same as d, and children learn to write with capitals and small letters.

The other valuable tool, as children grow older, is the understanding that a book may be fallible and that it is well to consult more than one source. Just before I retired as an editor of children's books, children were beginning to do "research." Then they wrote the publisher, in effect, "Your book is wrong. The encyclopedia says. . . ." Usually it was a case of an article not recently revised, for that most useful reference book, the encyclopedia, can revise only a certain number of articles each year, or issue a yearly supplement, and home or school cannot constantly replace a multivolume set. In all factual books today "truth" is rapidly modified by time and new research, and this is a tremendous challenge. As they select their reference books, children can learn to look for that important first copyright date, and the date of the revision or new edition. And does the book, if it is beyond the picture-book stage, have an index? It is surprising that some would-be reference books still do not. This situation is improving but the index is sometimes crowded into one inadequate page. A few publishers—and we soon get to know their names—

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always include a well-spaced index in readable type.

When it comes to evaluating science books, a general reviewer can only be guided by who the author is—and perhaps a note in the book explaining his background for writing it. Often the jacket-copy writer includes this, or simply states with a fine flourish that the book is "authentic," a word as commonly used today as "enchanting." We need the *facts,* and these *in the book.* What "expert" read the book? Was he given sufficient time to check it? And did he see the pictures and diagrams? *Natural History* magazine placed great emphasis on these points in its discussion of the 1961 science books. The reviews, in which the books were criticized by six scientists at the Museum of Natural History, caused much interest because of the large number rejected for inaccuracy or obscure diagrams, and for the pungent comments such as "attractive in appearance, but shallow as a puddle," or "a garish potpourri of exuberant illustration." Opinions on illustration varied widely. On the credit side, the recent improvements in these books were summarized.

A reprint of this is available for 20¢ from Reviews, Natural History Magazine, 79th Street and Central Park West, New York, N. Y. Whether or not you will agree with all of it, the reprint is well worth having.

History and geography are also hard to keep up with. Events race before our eyes so rapidly that some of them are scarcely set in type before revision is necessary. Putting aside the more flamboyant pictorial books, in which battle pictures struggle with each other for dramatic effect, and colorful battle maps so crowd the book that there is little room for words on cause and effect, a limited number of historical books are presented with freshness and interest. Like science, history is best served by challenges to thought, and by honesty, not by half-truths designed to please everyone.

—From "Red Tag Comes Back."

RED TAG COMES BACK. *By Fred Phleger. Pictures by Arnold Lobel. Harper.* 64 *pp.* $1.95. Dr. Phleger, who is a professor at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, says that he wrote this to illustrate "what appear to be the most basic biological necessities—to get enough to eat, to keep from being eaten and to reproduce before you die." The book has been somewhat simplified for reading, but loses little in the process, for it tells and pictures with accuracy, suspense, and wonder the life story of a salmon. The pictures are particularly suited to the movement of the story. Red Tag is a tagged salmon and the name and tag enable the reader to follow her on her travels. There are other "Science I Can Read Books"; each must be judged on its own merits. Ages 4-8.

HERE COME THE DOLPHINS. *By Alice E. Goudey. Illustrated by Garry MacKenzie. Scribners.* 94 *pp.* $2.75. Suddenly the playful dolphin, with its friendly ways and permanent "smile," has come into its own, both as a center of interest and of scientific study. Children will like to know that it is intelligent, and that studies are in progress with regard to dolphin sonar and dolphin-to-dolphin communication. This is the eleventh book in an attractive group. None of the animals is personalized, except that for identification each has a name. Ages 6-10.

THE SUN, OUR NEAREST STAR. *By Franklyn M. Branley. Pictures by Helen Borten. Crowell.* 48 *pp.* $3. These "Let's Read and Find Out" science books, some by Dr. Branley of the Hayden Planetarium, others under his editorship, are interesting, accurate, well planned, attractively illustrated (only "Rockets and Satellites" does not seem quite explicit enough in its illustration for a science book). Since one cannot draw the sun, it must in this book be symbolized, as formal diagrams mean nothing to a small child. As in other series, each book must be evaluated on its merits. One of my favorites is "The Listening Walk," in which a father and son take a silent walk, listening to sounds on the way. Ages 6-9.

THE QUESTION AND ANSWER BOOK OF EVERYDAY SCIENCE. *By Ruth A. Sonneborn. Illustrated by Robert J. Lee. Random House.* 68 *pp.* $1.95. A carefully planned question-and-answer book may lead to more questions, and perhaps to mild experimentation. Too often questions are miscellaneous; here they are grouped, with simple explanations given and enlarged upon. When you see your breath on a cold day that is water vapor, and so clouds, dew, and other phenomena involving vapor are led up to. Useful in the home, and although it is a color picture book, there is an index. Ages 6-9.

THE CRAZY CANTILEVER AND OTHER SCIENCE EXPERIMENTS. *By Dr. Robert R. Kadesch. Illustrated with photographs and drawings. Harper.* 175 *pp.* $3.95. Tricky, fun-to-do experiments answer questions, and each one presents a principle of science or leads to thinking. Occasionally the experiments seem a little overpopularized, as in the case of the rock 'n' roll spectrum, which can be done with *any* phonograph record, not only a rock 'n' roll one. Note at end of book gives Dr. Kadesch's qualifications; list of contents serves as index. Ages 8-12.

—From "Here Come the Dolphins."

EXPLORATIONS IN SCIENCE: A Book of Basic Experiments. *By Harry Milgrom. Illustrated with diagrams by Anne Marie Jauss. Dutton.* 127 *pp.* $3. Mr. Milgrom, supervisor of science for the New York City Elementary Schools, has always been insistent on science taught through experiments, and he advocates using materials that the child can easily obtain. Soda straws, sticks, string, wire coat-hangers, plastic bags, a plastic spray bottle all may be used to illustrate some principle of science, or, as the author says, "to serve as a bridge between the wonder in the minds of children and the wonders in the world around them." Ages 9-12.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE HUMAN SENSES. *By Gene Liberty. Pictures by Robert F. Tidd. Watts.* 62 *pp.* $1.95. A carefully-worked-out, simple introduction to the senses, with two-color diagrams, clearly explanatory. This is one of the well-known "First Books," which are not really first books at all. Nevertheless, it has been an extremely successful series title. The series has some very good books, others that strive mightily to contain their material in a small number of pages. Ages 10 and up.

EVERYDAY WEATHER AND HOW IT WORKS. *By Herman Schneider. Pictures by Jeanne Bendick. McGraw-Hill.* 194 *pp.* $3.25. Revised to include use of radar, airplane reconnaissance, weather satellites, and many new pictures, this is a weather book that children can really use. Not only does it explain changes in weather and tell how to use weather maps, but it gives directions for building your own weather station, as well as simple methods of predicting changes of weather. Both author and illustrator are well known to young people, the former, Herman Schneider, being lecturer in Science Education at New York University. Useful index. Varied ages.

SPACE AND YOUR FUTURE. *By Leo Schneider. Illustrated by Gustav Schrotter*

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SATURDAY REVIEW
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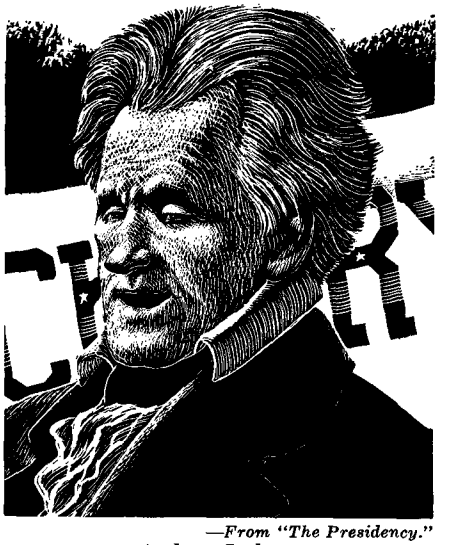
and with photographs. Harcourt, Brace & World. 260 *pp.* $3.75. Space books come and go; they become outdated quite rapidly. As this is written, interest centers around Cape Canaveral again, and this lucid book seems one of the best to explain astronomy, its development—in fact, the universe.

The last chapter, "Man Leaves the Earth," will need revision, but it includes the essentials. All diagrams and photographs are clear, and there are experiments. The index is efficient; the appendixes include dates of solar and lunar eclipses, sources for star charts, lists of planetariums and astronomy organizations. Leo Schneider is already known to young readers as a science writer who is also a science teacher. Ages 10-14.

ALL ABOUT SOUND AND ULTRASONICS. *By Ira M. Freeman. Illustrated with drawings by Irving Geis and with photographs. Random House.* 141 *pp.* $1.95. This is a handsome book, well designed, with clear diagrams. The text is both explicit and interesting, and the book has everything it needs in the way of reference tools, including a glossary. There are chapters on the speed of sound, how you hear, how various musical instruments make music, and a brief chapter on experiments now under way. Like the reviewers in *Natural History*, I wonder over the grandiloquent implications of "all about" anything in 141 pages; however, it seems to have worked out well as a steadily selling series title. Ages 10-14.

THE GIANT GOLDEN BOOK OF BIOLOGY. *By Gerald Ames and Rose Wyler. Illustrated by Charles Harper. Golden Press.* 99 *pp.* $3.95. One of the big spectaculars, with many bright colors to attract the buyer—and the child. In his Introduction George Wald, professor of biology at Harvard, says, "I knew I would like this book when I read on the first page, 'Questions are just as important as answers. Science is a way of asking more and more meaningful questions.'" The material is interesting, the diagrams effective, if sometimes too highly colored. For instance, in the section "Before Birth" the sequence showing the child growing in its mother's body is oversimplified, over-pink, and likely to give an entirely false idea. There are several decorative pages of quite unidentified creatures, a procedure that causes scientists to shudder. Although it is indexed, the jacketless book does not provide the background of its author. Ages 10 and over.



—From "The Presidency."
Andrew Jackson

THE PRESIDENCY. *By Gerald W. Johnson. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Morrow.* 128 *pp.* $2.95. Gerald Johnson's first trilogy, "America: A History for Peter" ("America Is Born," "America Grows Up," and "America Moves Forward"), gave a fresh and direct look at history. A few of us regretted the "History for Peter" approach as "writing down" in books that otherwise did not condescend.

"The Presidency" is the first of a trilogy on our three branches of government. In 128 pages with quite large type it manages to say a good deal by confining itself to the office of the Presidency, how it came to be, what a President does, how the office has changed, and by giving a brief discussion of "The Strong Presidents"—seven of them selected by the author, dictated by their characters and by circumstances. Mr. Johnson defines a strong President as one who is a leader and who has brought something definite to the Presidency. In a statement unusually frank in a "young" book, he says, "If you don't want to believe that ability to lead is the most valuable quality a President can have, you should not take the word of this book for it." He also points out the dangers of wrong leadership. Sometimes, because of lack of space, events and personalities are somewhat oversimplified. Andrew Johnson is mentioned only when impeachment is defined, but what he was impeached for, and how he met the situation, are not explained. (There are two fictionalized biographies of Andrew Johnson this year.)

In the last pages responsibility is thrown squarely back to the reader: ". . . the final test of our country's safety is the good sense of the voter, which means you and me. That is a rather grim thought, for, if we are honest with ourselves, we know

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that it isn't easy to judge fairly and calmly when excited people around us are shouting contradictory advice in our ears. But this danger is the price of freedom. It is now, it always has been, and always will be dangerous to be free. Grim or not, it is the truth, and it has to be faced. It is a serious thing to be an American citizen, a free man in a free country, and it is more serious than ever now. . . ." "Dangerous" perhaps needs some qualifications here; however, it brings the prospective voter up sharply.

Forceful pictures occasionally overwhelm this small book. Ages 10-14.

THE WHITE HOUSE SAGA. *By Nanette Kutner. Illustrated by Leonard Slonevsky. Atheneum.* 120 *pp.* $3.50. An unusual presentation of the growth and changes in the White House, this book is experimental in form, at least for young peoples' titles, being a series of vignettes, part poetry, part narrative, part dramatic dialogue. It is in no way a wholly factual or reference book, but perhaps young people looking up "White House" in libraries will find it, and find with it a fresh interest — something beyond fact that will stay in the mind.

The main incidents, with one exception noted by the author, are based on fact, though the dramatic dialogue is not factual. One of the most effective scenes is Jefferson entertaining Osage Indians at the White House, with the help of Dolley Madison. How she provided "modest" costumes for the Indian wives (who already had them) is both amusing and pathetic. We also see Jefferson refusing the Indians' gifts, as he thought he should, but allowing his grandchild to play with an Indian doll until the end of the reception.

We pause, too, in wonder over Mrs. Fillmore, a former teacher, who, finding no books in the White House, demanded an Act of Congress to provide them. Congress passed the Act.

Very effective are the end-of-chapter interludes, in which "angry men" and "vexatious women" assemble before the House to criticize the doings of the President.

In the last pages, Theodore Roosevelt formally puts the title "The White House" on its stationery. *"This is the story of a House/ A story with no end,/For it must blend/ and suture/ The past and present/ Into a living future."* Ages 10 and up.

FRONTIER LIVING. *Written and illustrated by Edwin Tunis. World.* 168 *pp.* $5.95. The large scale of this book, a companion volume to the author-artist's useful "Colonial Living," allows for 200 detailed line drawings. Maps and occasional full pages of illustration add a feeling of space and of the open loneliness of the West. This is a working book: its characters are not neatly "dressed up for the occasion"; its cowhands are the real thing, not the flashy cowboys of TV. The historical transitions are given in italic type, followed by accounts of everyday life, with many drawings of contemporary tools, utensils, houses, and transportation. A four-page index makes it possible to find almost anything, including picture references; and, while it is a true reference book, it is also interesting. Ages 10-up.

USA

Continued from page 27

order and under universal law is attainable. Let us work for it."

"Manifesto for Americans" can do much to correct the unpopular image of U.S. business abroad. Let's hope the USIS makes the most of it.

MIDWEST H_2O: Evan Jones begins his story of a river in Life Magazine Baroque, the tone of a writer who has just seventeen pages to trace the Epic of Man: "Out of the vast water rimming the retreating glacier . . . the torrential waters turned again . . . cyclonic winds whipped the vast water. . . ." It is only with difficulty that the reader realizes that the author is not describing the Amazon or the Nile but the Minnesota, and that the subtitle of "**The Minnesota**" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6), "Forgotten River," is appropriate.

Mr. Jones is through with overpowering descriptives after a few paragraphs, but it appears that he is through with the Minnesota River as well. Many of the fifty-three volumes in the Rivers of America Series color in the full complex of life in a river valley, but no other has been so resolute for so long in avoiding all mention of the river itself. It is almost as though Mr. Jones got started with his river, then, like everybody else, forgot it.

The author does present some endlessly interesting people, among them Peter Pond, the most persistent phonetic speller of his time ("not eney thing extrodnery"). But the reader is always watching the author do his research. One can see him in the reference department of the Minnesota Historical Society, checking Peter Pond's account of his journey to the Minnesota Valley, reading Jonathan Carver's "Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America, in the Years 1766, 1767, and 1768," culling the poetry anthologies for lines about rivers by Tennyson, Wordsworth, and other poets who never saw the Minnesota. One can image Mr. Jones's delight when he found a gem, a long letter from Thoreau to his biographer describing an excursion on the Minnesota in 1861; one sighs to see that Mr. Jones could not bring himself to use only the relevant passages but quotes more than a thousand words.

There is more to sigh about. In an apparent effort to attune his style to the elusive language structure of the Welsh who settled in the Minnesota Valley, Mr. Jones also descends into many sentences like this: "Religious they were; and bearded the men; black-bonneted the women and strong."

—William L. Rivers.

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Robert Frost

Continued from page 17

persona of a wily and complacent woodchuck:

My own strategic retreat
Is where two rocks almost meet,
And still more secure and snug,
A two-door burrow I dug.

With those in mind at my back
I can sit forth exposed to attack
As one who shrewdly pretends
That he and the world are friends.

Thus protected by the forethought to be devious, all goes well with the woodchuck, and thus:

If I can with confidence say
That still for another day,
Or even another year,
I will be there for you, my dear.

It will be because, though small
As measured against the All,
I have been so instinctively thorough
About my crevice and burrow.

If the power of poetry lies in its ability to penetrate our feelings to great depth, thereby arousing and revealing our deepest sense of ourselves, it must follow that whimsy, being the shallowest mode of poetry, is the most difficult to make memorable. It may well be the most dangerous mode a poet can undertake. I must confess I am not deeply moved by all of Mr. Frost's whimsical poems. I can smile at his woodchuck, but my smile is partly involved in a shrug. I can admire but I am not moved. For whimsy is not so much a poetic penetration as it is a role, and the role, if charming, is generally slight.

There is always the danger, too, that whimsy may falter into a kind of merely artful performance. Mr. Frost is no stranger to the public platform. He is, in fact, a king of the old pros: he knows how to tickle an audience and he knows how to knock it for a loop. He has developed one of the most assured stage-presences of our times. I have sat to hear him through at least seventy-five or eighty, perhaps even more, public performances, and I have never failed to find delight in his manner. The danger to my mind was that the whimsical poems might degenerate into platform jokes, that the *persona* of the poet would forever be "on-stage." Mr. Frost himself, being nobody's fool and no self-deceiver, will have thought about that danger of confusing his magnificent platform whimsy with his essential poetic voice.

Perhaps the most central evidence of these new poems is in the way they demonstrate that he has known how to keep his balance. The voice of that sometimes magnificent whimsy, the voice of seriousness lightly (and largely) taken, as in, say, "Departmental," has been raised to a new resonance here. Neither of the two earlier voices is entirely missing from the present poems. There are sufficient traces still of the impassioned singer. There is a substantial presence of the whimsical and detached sayer. But the new voice is bardic—a speaking voice, philosophical rather than intensely lyrical, but deeply committed. Mr. Frost emerges now as the poet of his people, the poet who speaks America to time.

Mr. Frost has long been proud of what he calls "the position America has given me." Nor did he assume that position by self-appointment. On March 24, 1950, in honor of what was thought to be his approaching seventy-fifth birthday (there had been some confusion about the year of birth, which was long given as 1875) the United States Senate passed a resolution citing his poems for having "helped to guide American thought with humor, and wisdom, setting forth to our minds a reliable representation of ourselves and of all men." Mr. Frost has accepted that role, that position. His lines in the present volume, "On Being Chosen Poet of Vermont," indicate his readiness to accept what might almost be called public office:

Breathes there a bard who isn't moved
When he finds his verse is understood
And not entirely disapproved
By his country and his neighborhood?

The lines themselves, lightly taken and lightly said, constitute one more "editorial," a half-playful comment. There can be no doubt, however, that Mr. Frost has accepted his bardic burden with whole seriousness. His bardic range, like the range of his whimsical editorials, is America and, in fact, the Western world. But the bardic voice is clearer, firmer, and deeply committed. There are no back doors now through which the wily woodchuck can disappear at will. The bard must stand to his conviction.

That the burden of the bardic role is a dangerous one, much of the history of American poetry will attest. Whitman wrote most of his worst poems in seeking to be the bard of America. Where would he be in present memory had he not had "Myself" to sing about? Sandburg has tried out for the role and blown it to pieces in blasts of windy rhetoric. MacLeish, in my view, let a sublime lyric talent lie in abeyance for more than twenty years while trying to achieve a public speaking voice for America, and missing it. The list of other candidates who have blown or are blowing away in the bardic venture could fill a "Who Was Who" of past acclaim and present neglect.

Perhaps the bardic voice is the one for which contemporary readers are least attuned. How is an audience that was swept to frenzies by the glandular roil and intensity of, say, a Dylan Thomas, to cotton readily to this open, rational, philosophical, wry, yet deeply committed kind of saying? It will take time for Frost's achievement to register, yet, unless I misread, these poems are an achievement to stand tall beside any passage of the earlier Frost.

Mr. Frost opens his book boldly with a motto compounded from lines of his "Kitty Hawk" and separately set as a frontispiece:

But God's own descent
Into flesh was meant
As a demonstration
That the supreme merit
Lay in risking spirit
In substantiation.
Spirit enters flesh
And for all its worth
Charges into earth
In birth after birth
Ever fresh and fresh.
We may take the view
That its derring-do
Thought of in the large
Is one mighty charge
On our human part
Of the soul's ethereal
Into the material.

"Kitty Hawk" is a poem of almost 500 lines begun in homage to the Wright brothers as the inventors of an age, as the two who finally gave wings to man and who, it may be said, pointed man's way to the spaces beyond the earth. The Wright brothers gave man a new age and with it, both a new possibility and a new grief. But Mr. Frost's position is that the risk must be taken. The essence of Western man has always been that he dared risk his venture into the material. And what other course, the poet asks, is there for man? We must risk ourselves, we must risk the material. The East refused to risk that substantiation of the spirit, it refused the descent into the material, and it thereby stagnated into griefs of its own.

Westerners inherit
A design for living
Deeper into matter . . .

Dangerously perhaps, but

If it was not wise,
Tell me why the East
Seemingly has ceased
From its long stagnation
In mere meditation.

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What is all the fuss
To catch up with us?

That is hardly the sort of poetry love-sick boys will read to their panting girls, but it is certainly poetry of an order of mind—wise, intense, and elevated.

The poem ends with a salute to science that certainly goes about as far as seems possible toward reversing the position taken in "The Egg and the Machine."

God of the machine.
Peregrine machine,
Some still think is Satan,
Unto you the thanks
For this token flight,
Thanks to you and thanks
To the brothers Wright
Once considered cranks
Like Darius Green
In their home town, Dayton.

Once the history-of-ideas boys get their hands on that passage, I suspect it will become one of the most widely quoted in all academe as evidence of how far American poetry has come since Poe's hatred of all science, and from Frost's own early distrust of the machine. Let me hope the history-of-ideas boys will not overlook the reason for Mr. Frost's praise. The Wrights become figures for his homage because they added a new range to the human condition.

It is for the same reason that Mr. Frost praises Columbus in that remarkable poem, "America Is Hard to See."

Columbus may have worked the wind
A new and better way to Ind
And also proved the world a ball,
But how about the wherewithal?
Not just for scientific news
Had the Queen backed him to a cruise.

This is the tone of the whimsical Frost as especially characterized by the witty, down-played use of the word "cruise" to describe Columbus's voyage. Mr. Frost maintains that tone throughout the poem, describing ironically how da Gama came back with the gold the Queen had invested in, while Columbus found himself in dungeon chains. Yet from that whimsical and ironic surface rise some island peaks of plain statement that come as close to defining America as any man's poetry has done:

Had but Columbus known enough
He might have boldly made the bluff
That better than Da Gama's gold
He had been given to behold
The race's future trial place,
A fresh start for the human race.

He might have fooled Valladolid.
I was deceived by what he did.
If I had had my chance when young
I should have had Columbus sung
As a god who had given us
A more than Moses' exodus.

There then follow the simply stated lines:

But all he did was spread the room
Of our enacting out the doom
Of being in each other's way,
And so put off the weary day
When we would have to put our mind
On how to crowd but still be kind.

It is perhaps such lines as these that best testify to the quality of Frost's vision of America. Long before, he had written "Mowing," in which he said "Anything more than the truth would have seemed too weak." Even as a bard Mr. Frost will not inflate his devotion beyond reality. There is a darkness of doubt as well as a radiance of hope in his vision of America, and he will speak both truths to his people.

Perhaps Americans have never truly found their America. Certainly that America that was a golden legend to the Elizabethans has never been found. In "The Gift Outright," the poem Mr. Frost and President Kennedy jointly chose for the last inauguration, America is still that dream to be lived into. "The land was ours before we were the land's." The hope is that Americans will someday become truly identified with their "land of living," and certainly the poem itself is the noblest utterance yet to be spoken of the American continent. But in it, Mr. Frost carefully refrained from saying that the identification of Americans and America has actually taken place:

Such as we were we gave ourselves outright
(The deed of gift was many deeds of war)
To the land vaguely realizing westward,
But still unstoried, artless, unenhanced,
Such as she was, such as she would become.

"Would become," Mr. Frost says, not "has become." In fact, that difference was President Kennedy's joke. Would Mr. Frost read it now as "has become"? Mr. Frost read it as he wrote it.

In the present volume he continues the same theme in a remarkable poem so central to his intent that he has taken his title from it. "The Cabin in the Clearing" is a dialogue somewhat in the manner of the earlier "The Lovely Shall be Choosers." Here the speakers are Mist and Smoke, the Mist arising from the land, the Smoke from the man's chimney. Mist begins by saying:

I don't believe the sleepers in this house
Know where they are.

Smoke replies:

They've been here long enough
To push the woods back from around the house
And part them in the middle with a path.

It is a mysterious and compelling poem that follows. The two vapors that accompany the human spirit see the clearing the man and woman have made, but is the clearing there only to maintain a path that joins them to their equally bewildered neighbors? "Nearer in plight their neighbors are than distance." Their plight is that they are not sure either of who they are or of where they are. They have not reached assuredly to either themselves or their land. "They are too sudden to be credible," says Smoke and joins with Mist to eavesdrop on their uneasy sleep, "A mist and smoke eavesdropping on a haze," an uncertainty perhaps already as dim as the Indians whose land it once was in total identification. The poem closes with what I take to be a joint statement by Mist and Smoke (or is it, perhaps, a comment by the poet?):

Than smoke and mist who better could appraise
The kindred spirit of an inner haze?

Are we no more than a smoke and a mist upon the land? No more substantial than that? Is that Mr. Frost's intent? That the land is forever beyond us, and that we shall all in time drift off it while the land remains for some future people to be lost in as the Indian was lost in it? Let no man be in a hurry to fix too tight a meaning to it, but the poem itself, its mood and motion, will not be forgotten.

There are only a few pieces in the present collection that sing in quiet so mysterious a music. Some there are but, as noted, Mr. Frost's new voice is toward saying rather than singing. Certainly the longish poem entitled "How Hard It Is to Keep from Being King When It's in You and in the Situation"—a poem more whimsical than bardic—adds a particular gem of wit to the treasury of discursive poetry. Nor are Mr. Frost's more bardic lines "For John F. Kennedy His Inauguration" to be taken lightly as examples of occasional verse.

If the Frost of these poems is less intense than the first impassioned Frost

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of the lyrics, there is in these a power of mind (the "thoughtfelt thing") that speaks with a breadth and an elevation it could not have achieved through passion alone. The bard has largely replaced the lyric poet. In so doing, he has given America a voice it has long needed and will certainly learn to be grateful for.

THE question that remains to ask must be addressed to the Swedish Academy. Why has Mr. Frost not received a Nobel Prize? It seems all but inconceivable, and certainly insulting, that an academy willing in the past to honor Sinclair Lewis and Pearl Buck, should so spend its honors upon foothills while overlooking our central mountain. I cannot doubt that Mr. Frost would be gratified by a Nobel Prize. Why should he not? He more than deserves it. Why should a man not want what is his by right?

I suspect that the Awards Board of the Swedish Academy, like so many of our New Critics, has been culpably slow in learning to read Mr. Frost's poems. Perhaps the members of that board do not recognize seriousness lightly taken and whimsy seriously taken. If that has been their block, the more bardic of these poems should give them as much straightforward public utterance on man's fate as ever their socially conscious souls may hunger for.

But I suspect rather that their failure has been in their inability to recognize the genius of Mr. Frost's language. Eliot and Yeats, both Nobel Prize winners, wrote in the kind of English a European may come close to learning in his own universities. But Frost's English is of the soil. Only a man with New England in his mouth could write so. Nor is the diction the primary characteristic of Frost's way of speaking; he uses only an occasional New Englandism. Far more than the word choices, it is the rhythm that sings and speaks in New England cadences, the way the rhythm throws the voice down hard on some words and slides it over others. It is the rhythm that makes Mr. Frost the least translatable of poets. But it is also the rhythm that makes him the particular genius of the American tongue.

Perhaps no man raised to another tongue will ever truly hear the subtlety and perfection of Mr. Frost's full voice. But by now, certainly, the Swedish Academy must have heard that truth stated often enough to take note of it, if only by hearsay. The simple truth is that American literature has brought forth none to walk before him. Mr. Frost's recognition by the Nobel Prize committee has been too long delayed. There seems to be no conceivable reason for delaying longer.

Phoenix Nest

Continued from page 8

lace asked me what really happened in Max Perkins's office and I gave him my account of it. When I finished he pulled out a clipping containing Ernest's opposite account.

"What would be your comment on this contrast?" he asked.

In a crisis like that I hardly ever think of the right thing to say until I get home, but in that case I think I did.

"Do you remember Irvin Cobb, the American humorist," I said, "and what an awfully homely mug he had? Once in the old days when he was conducting a column in the *Daily Telegraph* he made some slurring remark about Lillian Russell, the reigning beauty of Broadway. A correspondent wrote in vigorously protesting, and concluded his letter by saying: 'After all you're no great beauty yourself.' In answer Cobb published side by side a picture of himself at his worst and Lillian at her best, and under them in big letters the caption: 'Let the Public Decide!' "

It doesn't matter who came out on top in Scribner's office. Neither of us did anything praiseworthy. But it does matter profoundly—at least to me—who told the truth.

However, you can't ask everything of one man, and I find Ernest's triumph over fear, his scorn for the petty big-city, big-celebrity life he might have lived in New York as a well-advertised literateur, his bold honesty in expressing his dissent from mollycoddle standards, and the superb style in which is often expressed it—I find these things a joy and an inspiration, I think sometimes in reading him of Walt Whitman's great lines: "This is no book—who touches this touches a man." I think also of those wonderful lines written by Chapman, the translator of Homer:

Give me a spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind
Even till his sailyard tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is—there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge.

That is the kind of man Hemingway tried to be, and he superbly succeeded.

—MAX EASTMAN.

Chess Corner—No. 68

THE dean of American chess, Herman Helms, celebrated his ninety-second birthday not long ago. His life spans the first and current world champions, from Morphy to Botvinnik, though his personal and over-the-board experiences began with world champion Steinitz. He has encountered, at times successfully, all the giants of his era, including Emanuel Lasker, Capablanca, Pillsbury, and Marshall. And up to a few years ago his pet indulgence was ten-second chess, where he has blitzkrieged some of the finest lightning players of the metropolitan clubs. In 1903, during the famous Cambridge Tournament, he founded the *American Chess Bulletin*, which flourishes today. All chess players salute this modest and lovable gentleman of the old school. A piquant example of his play follows.

DUTCH DEFENSE

Smyth White		Helms Black	
1 P-Q4	P-KB4	4 N-B3	P-QN3
2 N-KB3	N-KB3	5 P-K3	B-N2
3 P-B4	P-K3	6 B-Q3	B-Q3

The development of Black's Bishop at Q3 is unusual. But it is poised in the direction of White's Kingside, where the White King eventually will take refuge.

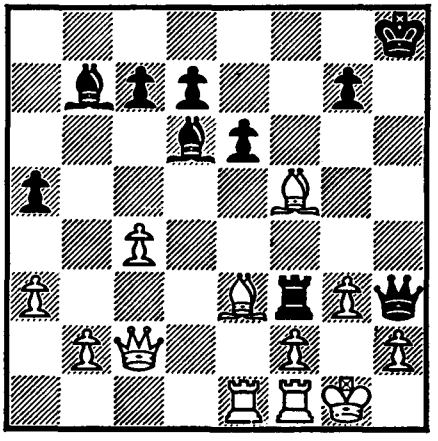
7 P-QR3	P-QR4	9 Q-B2	N-B3
8 O-O	O-O	10 P-K4?	.....

This "break" in the center is normally good. Here it opens lines which quickly accrue to Black. Better would be 10 N-QN5, driving Black's Bishop.

10	PxP	15 P-KN3	QxN
11 NxP	NxN	16 B-Q3	R-B6
12 BxP	NxP	17 B-K3	Q-K4
13 BxPch	K-R1	18 QR-K1	QR-KB1
14 NxN	Q-R5	19 BxP	.....

To stoop for a Pawn when his defenses are crumbling is bad judgment.

19	Q-R4	21 B-K4	QR-B4
20 B-K3	Q-R6	22 BxQR	.....



The game is over!

22	Q-N7ch
23 KxQ	RxNP mate

—AL HOROWITZ.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 36

1924) appeared to have been touched up; the costumes looked fresh as well as clean; the chorus moved about as if it did, indeed, know where it was going; Fausto Cleva's musical direction had a snap and discipline that suggested a more than minimal amount of preparation.

A skeptic would have concluded that this was less on behalf of Ponchielli than of Lili Chookasian, a mezzo of Chicago birth and Armenian heritage, who made her debut as La Cieca, which she has not ventured elsewhere. The well-constructed phrases of her principal aria, "Voce di donna," were as if made for her solid, well-produced tones, which were without a quaver or a rasp through a warmly colored, evenly matched scale. She also passed, with credit, the dramatic challenge of the part, which is, principally, to appear matronly enough to pose as Gioconda's (that is, Zinka Mlanov's) mother. (The makeup department may also take credit for a challenging task admirably accomplished.)

"Gioconda" has a number of unique aspects, among them that each of the six principal singers has a celebrated solo, and all appear in Act I (the singers, not the solos). Under the watchful eye of Fausto Cleva, who conducted, Milanov's Gioconda had some of the control and vocal distinction of her best days, Robert Merrill's "O monumento" was suitably robust, Franco Corelli showed aptitude for Enzo Grimaldi in his first venture with the part here, and Nell Rankin's Laura and the Alvise of Giorgio Tozzi were as good as or better than ever. There was a recession as Miss Chookasian retired from the scene after Act I and the spirit of mortal combat that "Gioconda" rouses in the indoctrinated opera performer asserted itself. This is, understandably enough, less a matter of choice than necessity, the alternative—when one takes the plunge—being tonal submersion otherwise.

It is uncommon to hear a tenor with so sizable a voice as Corelli's as Enzo (though it was a favorite role of Caruso). He could be a good one for years to come, if he could be made to understand that "Cielo e mar" is not "Di quella pira" in another costume. His piratical outfit tended to baggy zouave trousers rather than the short skirt commonly affected by Enzos, a thoughtful preference for a man of his height. But his good appearance was offset by vocal manners of a crudity and artistic naïveté that apply equally to his singing of Puccini, Verdi, and now Ponchielli. —Irving Kolodin.

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(Continued from page 55)

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(Continued from page 57)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1460

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. The only important ore of mercury; vermilion.

B. Joined by hyphens (2 wds.).

C. Lofty position above a given level.

D. Make a circle around by means of something else (2 wds.).

E. Followed by "Love", English title of a Donizetti opera, 1832 (2 wds.)

F. Had understood the method (2 wds.).

G. Diligence.

H. Servant in "Two Gentlemen of Verona".

I. Lamentably.

J. Uninspiredly.

K. Sneering disbelief in sincerity and rectitude.

L. Extend.

M. Whatever tends to prevent mischievous effects.

N. Signaled by special light used in pyrotechny, featuring a strontium salt (comp.).

O. Rousing to activity or feeling.

WORDS

174 159 98 181 40 128 157 113

37 5 122 168 17 178 163 158

49 10 143 73 173 118 28 169

95 133 192 108 63 121 85 62

145 66 60 68 106 124 117 194

146 107 150 9 46 197 64 185

172 84 18 176 155 61 196 190

140 115 27 92 86 127 160 175

141 76 31 191 167 39 96 130

207 101 162 114 193 45 129 135

123 142 30 83 15 1 41 102

177 22 50 75 78 138 93 7

20 74 131 89 51 195 6 125

104 111 126 171 42 201 8 80

70 100 188 29 14 170 134 90

DEFINITIONS

P. In an average ball-game a team's last chance.

Q. Certain admired features of some Duncan Phyfe and other furniture (2 wds.).

R. Birthplace of Johann Sebastian Bach; town where Luther went to school.

S. Welsh island, across Menai Strait, whose sacred druidic groves were demolished by Roman invader Suetonius, 61 A.D.

T. Shrub often called Juneberry or serviceberry (genus *Amelanchier*).

U. How Laurence Hope might describe the feet of that gal with the "pale hands pink-tipped" (comp.).

V. Pertaining to the act of choosing, and making one's own, something not originally so.

W. Ardently wanted by the anemic, no matter how aristocratic he may be (2 wds.).

X. To "do over" furniture.

Y. State whose second largest county is named Texas.

Z. The "King of Jazz".

WORDS

43 154 105 72 110 165 203 11

71 38 13 161 151 47 136 208

87 180 34 156 88 206 52 132

139 19 182 44 57 187 67 97

179 144 36 120 24 3 199 91

2 198 119 21 77 79 82 58

33 48 103 69 4 81 54 184

56 99 149 200 25 153 65 23

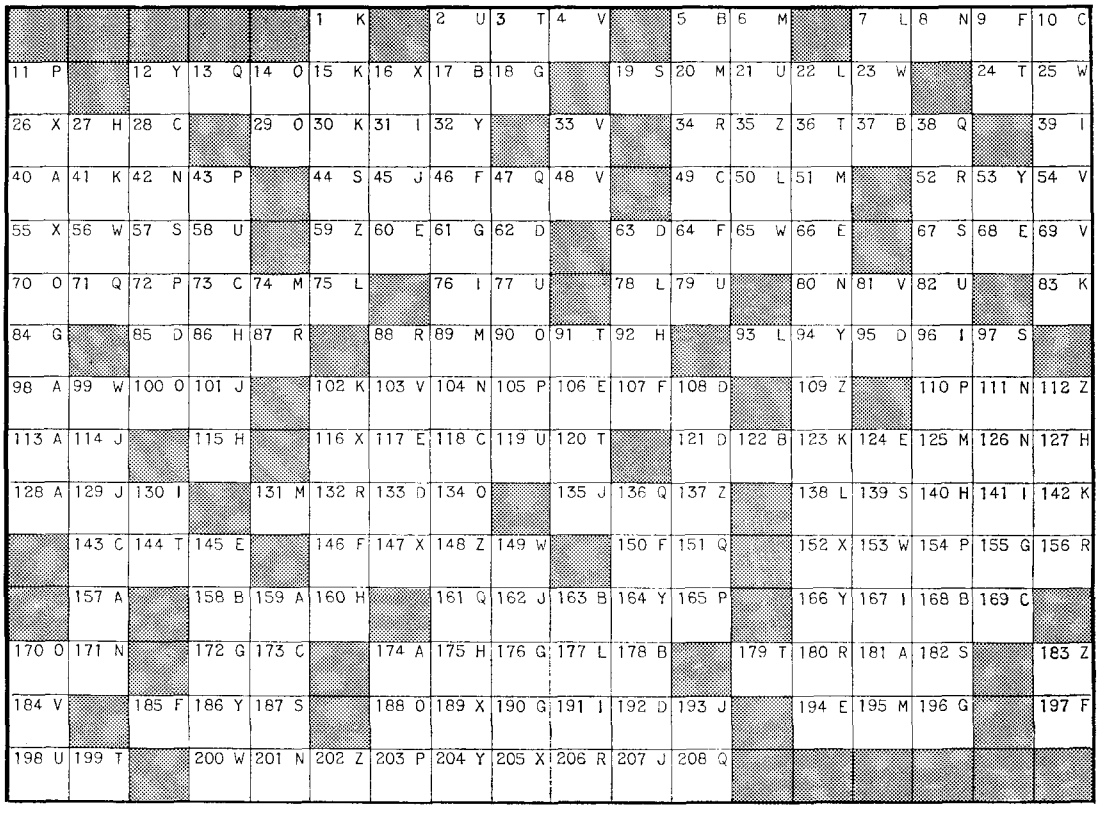
189 55 205 147 152 26 116 16

32 204 164 186 12 53 166 94

59 183 109 137 202 35 112 148

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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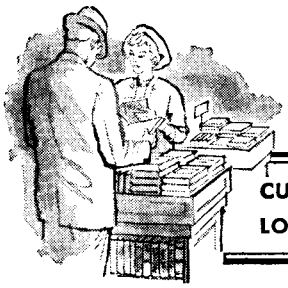

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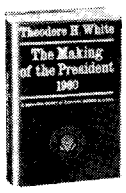

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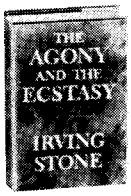

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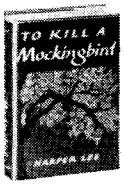

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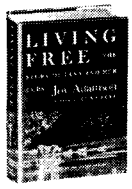

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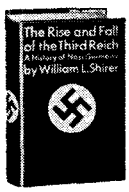

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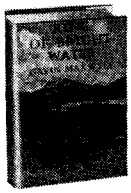

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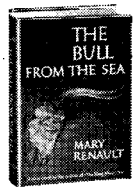

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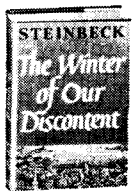

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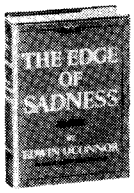

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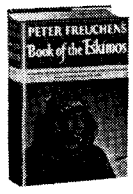

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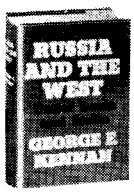

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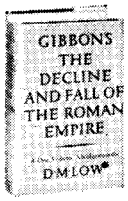

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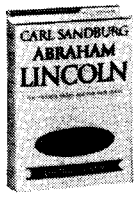

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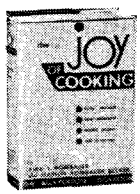

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